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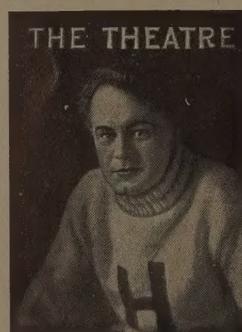
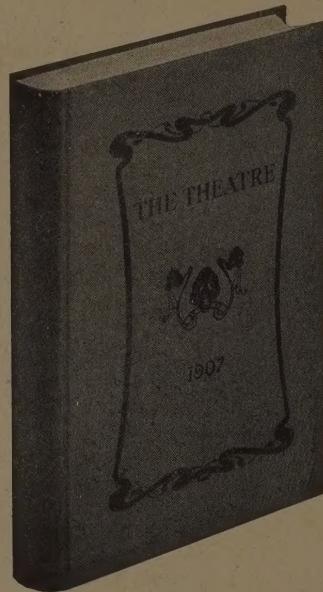
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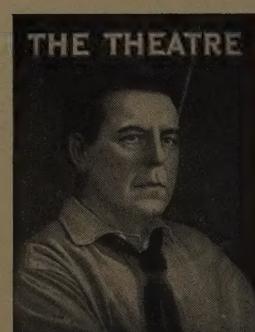
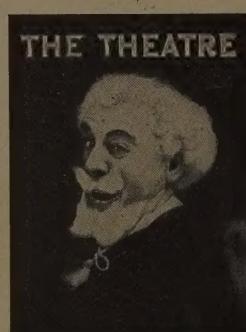
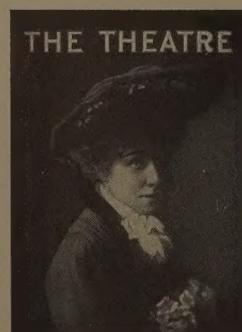
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NEW YORK



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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE success with which *The Theatre Record* was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

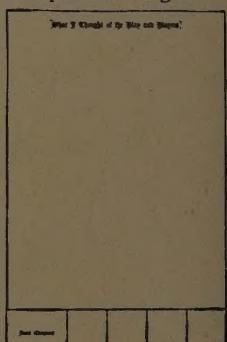
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Specimen Pages



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33RD ST. N.Y.

THE THEATRE

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1908

No. 86

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y.; 26 West 33d Street, New York City



MME. BERTHA KALICH IN "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE



Henry Kolker

The peasants depart jeering at Marta
SCENE IN ACT II OF "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

Mme. Kalich

Plays and Players

ASTOR. "PAID IN FULL." Play in 4 acts by Eugene Walter. Produced Feb. 25 with this cast:

Joseph Brooks.....	Tully Marshall	Captain Williams.....	Frank Sheridan
Emma Brooks.....	Lillian Albertson	Mrs. Harris.....	Hattie Russell
James Smith.....	Ben Johnson	Beth Harris.....	Oza Waldrop
Sato	John Arthur		

Although he had had one play of his, "The Undertow," produced at an East Side theatre, Mr. Eugene Walter as a playwright was practically unknown when his "Paid in Full" had its first performance in this city at the Astor. In his production Mr. Walter stamped himself as one of the rising young dramatists of America. It might further and truthfully be said that in his graphic, vivid and interesting study of a certain phase of contemporaneous metropolitan life Mr. Walter arrived and with both feet, too. It is seldom that a play is received by both press and public with the same unanimous expression of approval as attached to this drama. The first night audience was interested, surprised and thrilled, and those who have attended the subsequent performances of the piece have cordially endorsed the verdict of that evening.

In the praise of this play particular commendation must be awarded to Mr. Walter for the skill he has displayed in the telling of his story. The construction is well nigh perfect. The exposition is outlined with a simplicity that at once commands interest, the story is advanced with logical directness and an ingenious regard for dramatic detail that insures both strength and surprise, while the conclusion, however distasteful it may be to those who insist always on a happy ending, is consistently logical and not without its insistent note of pathos and hope. The characters the author has drawn are living types of the every-day. With the exception of the mother and sister, slightly overdrawn for stage purposes, his dramatis personae talk like the people they represent and voice the sentiment of those in similar situations. It is a veritable human document and in its reflex of contemporaneous life deserves to take a lasting place in the altogether too limited library of permanent value.

Joseph Brooks, a young married man, is a collector for a steamship company. With his wife, used to better things, they scratch along

in a Harlem flat. Joe does not seem to advance very well and in a moment of pique and dissatisfaction uses some of the company's money for an evening out. He continues to embezzle and they move to a hotel where his wife, of course, remains unconscious of his delinquencies. But the hour of his undoing is at hand. Captain Williams, a former South Pacific trader and president of the company, learns his disquieting secret. He seems a brute, in its every sense, and the now completely demoralized youth suggests to his wife that she visit Williams in his apartment and purchase his immunity at any price. She visits the captain, but after an act delightfully ingenious in its picture of alternating hope, despair, courage, faint-heartedness and moral worth, Brooks is allowed to go free and the wife unharmed. But her eyes are opened to the utter selfishness and worthlessness of Joe, and the wife after a fine scene of scornful indignation leaves him forever.

The unsympathetic rôle of Brooks was acted by Tully Marshall with an admirable regard for truth. The moral degeneration of the youth who falls by sheer weakness of character was sketched with a fine sense of proportion. Lillian Albertson, too, as the wife, won really high artistic laurels for the emotional quality of her work and its perfect naturalness and freedom from theatricality. A genuine creature was provided by Frank Sheridan as Captain Williams. The softer nature, which gradually reveals itself through woman's worth, was indicated by him with rare art, while the comedy touches associated with the part were brought out in a way to provide the necessary humorous relief. Ben Johnson was nicely gentle and real as a sympathetic, plodding and successful friend, who probably will marry the wife after her divorce, and Hattie Russell and Oza Waldrop as the mother and sister, respectively, round out a cast of unusual strength.

"Paid in Full" deserves a full measure of success at the hands of the public, and it will get it, too. The production by Wagenhals and Kemper is accurately appropriate.

HUDSON. "THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY." Play in 4 acts by Emile Fabre. Adapted by Paul Potter. Produced Feb. 17 with this cast:



White EUGENE WALTER
Author of "Paid in Full," successfully produced at the Astor Theatre

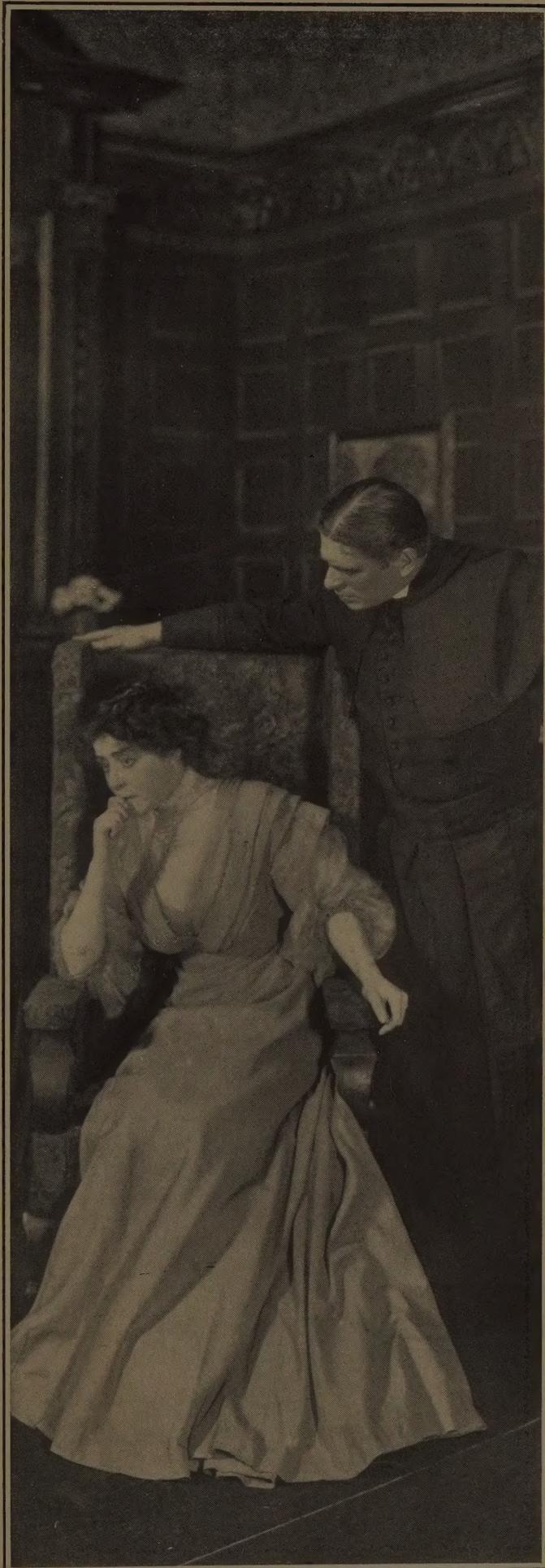
Colonel Philippe Bridau....	Otis Skinner
Jean-Jacques Rouget....	A. G. Andrews
Commandant Max Gilet....	Francis Carlyle
Joseph Bridau....	Harry Burkhardt
Borniche....	Russell Crauford
General Carpenter....	Walter F. Scott
Captain Potel....	Frederick Sargent
Captain Renard....	Harry Barfoot
Command't Mignonnet....	J. Wheelock, Sr.
Or'santo....	Alfred Hudson, Jr.
Kouski....	Harry Burkhardt
Flora Brazier....	Percy Haswell
Madame Bridau....	Sarah Padden
La Vedie....	Rosalie Dupre

A good French play, with its dramatic precision and more particularly its freedom from slang, is a relief from the play that is distinctively American. We have too many good American plays to intend by this comment any sweeping suggestion of their inferiority. We do not raise that question at all in expressing our satisfaction with "The Honor of the Family" as dramatized by M. Fabre from Balzac. Here is a simple story with a number of capitally contrived scenes and with one character, that of Colonel Philippe Bridau, which is piquant and unique. While the other characters are real enough, Bridau is a union of the real and the fantastic. He is natural and yet could not exist without a certain theatricalism that is wholly welcome. He belongs to the romantic period in which the killing of a man on occasion was incidental to the trade of a gentleman. He slays his man off the stage with the full approval of his audiences that have enlisted with him for the evening under the tricolor of French romanticism. It is this one character that makes the play worth while, and Mr. Otis Skinner achieves in it a triumph that belongs to that order of impersonation in which the actor's individuality, in so far as he is known in life or in print, completely disappears. It belongs in the same class as Mansfield's Baron Chevrial and Wilton Lackaye's Svengali. All these characters are extraordinary, but natural. All are foreign types, and if they differ in any particular from the original type we cannot discover any flaw in the conception or the acting.

An old uncle of Philippe, rich and miserly and proof against appeals for aid from his next of kin, is under the complete control of an adventuress who combs her golden hair with a golden comb. The old man is infatuated with her and does her bidding. She has persuaded him to settle a fortune on her; her design being to immediately leave him on securing the large sum and fly to Paris with her lover, who has been installed in the house. The gist of the play is that Bridau thwarts the conspirators by his force and finesse, as well as by his sword, for in a duel he runs his blade through the girl's lover. Bridau has no easy task in setting matters to rights in the house, and the telling scenes in the play are those in which he meets each emergency as it arises. There is a capital scene in which the woman pretends to be conquered by Bridau's dash and firmness of character. She is about to throw herself in his arms in an imagined triumph of her charms, but is assured by Bridau that he sees through her game. The artistic ease and naturalness with which Mr. Skinner acts his part is charming from the moment he is seen passing the window on his arrival at the scene where there is so much need of him; there is a haste and jauntiness about him and a look of careless effrontery that bodes ill to the conspirators and promises action. The twist that he gives his shoulder is an advertisement of what is to come.

In reality, however, the play has no significance. It is devoid of sentiment, and is meant to be. It is pure romanticism. It has no moral lesson, and none was meant. Bridau foils the woman and sends her out of the house, telling her, in more seriousness than in jest, that she must wait for him in Paris. No doubt she will, and no doubt Bridau will have rouleaux of money to continue his merry life, and perhaps to die with his boots on fighting for Napoleon. Miss Percy Haswell and the other members of the company were satisfactory. The action of the play may be a little slow in the first act, but when a play affords us such pleasure as we derive from the character of Bridau as acted by Otis Skinner, why criticize the faults in the play?

Mr. Skinner deserves his success. He is one of the few actors left who remain faithful to the best traditions of our stage. Far from being a mere "tailor-made" actor, he is an artist in every sense of the word, and his triumph means encouragement to all those who are trying to keep acting an art and not let it degenerate into the exploitation of a personality.



Edith Wynne Matthison
Charles Dalton
SCENE IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE" AT THE SAVOY

BIJOU. Henry Ludlowe in Shakespearian repertoire. On Feb. 17 "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" was given with this cast:

Shylock	Henry Ludlowe	Launcelot	Sydney Booth
Bassanio	Arthur Forrest	Duke of Venice	Charles Harbury
Antonio	Mark Price	Tubal	Bernard B. Mullen
Gratiano	Sheridan Block	Leonardo	Frederick Nicholls
Lorenzo	Ernest C. Warde	Balthazar	H. G. Tebbutt
Salanio	Edward Lewers	Stephano	Harry McDonough
Salarino	T. F. Mulligan	Portia	Keith Wakeman
Gobbo	Charles Harbury	Nerissa	Josephine Morse
Jessica	Felice Morris		

Mr. Henry Ludlowe is an ambitious Philadelphian. Formerly

His was a personal revenge that he sought, not the vindication of his oppressed and despised people. It was a temperate but convincing characterization marked by simplicity of taste. Arthur Forrest gave his graceful, spirited and romantic rendering of Bassanio, and particularly sound and legitimate was Charles Harbury as old Gobbo and the Duke of Venice. Sydney Booth was a vivacious Launcelot Gobbo and Keith Wakeman an imposing and pleasing Portia. She was excellent in the trial scene.



Hallen

Walter Hampden

Arthur Lewis

Tyrone Power

SCENE IN C. R. KENNEDY'S PLAY "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

in that city he used to teach the aspiring Quakers to shout dramatically. With a laudable desire to present his own personal views on Shakespeare in particular, he bought up a number of the productions of the late Richard Mansfield, and surrounding himself with a company of more than usual merit went forth to conquer or to fail. A season in various towns of minor importance sufficiently encouraged him to come to this city for a metropolitan endorsement, and for two weeks he held forth at the Bijou as Shylock and Richard, Duke of Gloster. The result was somewhat mixed. It was not likely that he anticipated a financial success. It is pushing possibility hard to expect an unknown to make financially good on Broadway in works of the Bard of Avon. But he was received with the respectful attention and generous encouragement which attach to all whose accomplishment is capable. To succeed in the legitimate these days in New York one must be either superlatively brilliant or sensationnally mediocre or bad. Mr. Ludlowe was neither. He has intelligence, a pleasing voice of generous range, clean-cut enunciation and a comprehensive knowledge of the mechanical and external applications of his art. Never offensive, he was at the same time never inspired. His conceptions of the two rôles he played were thoroughly thought out and acted with a nice sense of theatrical effort. More than that there is little left to be said. His Shylock was the better impersonation of the two. Grim, sardonic and revengeful, he did not push the note of racial prejudice to undue lengths.

On Feb. 24 "RICHARD III" was presented with this cast:

Duke of Gloster	Henry Ludlowe	Earl of Oxford	H. G. Tebbutt
King Henry VI	Mark Price	Sir James Blount	T. F. Mulligan
Prince of Wales	Felice Morris	Sir James Tyrrel	R. C. Warde
Duke of York	Vinnie Burns	Sir Walter Herbert	Frederick Nicholls
Duke of Norfolk	Bernard B. Mullen	Earl of Pembroke	Harry McDonough
Earl of Surrey	Harry Coles	Sir Robert Brakenbury	B. B. Mullen
Lord Stanley	Charles Harbury	An Officer	H. G. Tebbutt
Duke of Buckingham	Arthur Forrest	Lord Mayor of London	C. H. Wilson
Tressell	Ernest C. Warde	Lady Anne	Keith Wakeman
Sir William Catesby	Sidney Booth	Queen Elizabeth	Josephine Morse
Sir Richard Ratcliffe	Edward Lewers	Duchess of York	Eva Benton
		Lady Attendant	Sheffy Turner

The version of "Richard III," which Mr. Ludlowe presented, embodied only a few of the Colley Cibber additions. It was a rugged and not oversubtle rendering which the star gave of the humpbacked tyrant. But it was an effective theatrical effort, and the many salient and dramatic points were developed for their true worth. Mark Price lent dignity and genuine feeling to Henry VI, and Felice Morris as the Prince of Wales, and Arthur Forrest as Buckingham gave valuable aid in a performance of all-round excellence. Mr. Ludlowe deserves credit for not being afraid to surround himself with competent players. Too many "stars" nowadays owe their lustre to the mediocrity of their support.

DALY'S. "THE ENIGMA." Play in 2 acts by Paul Hervieu. Produced with this cast:

Raymond de Gourgiran	Alex. Frank	Laurent	Jack Claire
Marquis de Neste	Charles A. Stevenson	Servant	A. T. Hendon
Gérard de Gourgiran	Lionel Belmore	Leonore de Gourgiran	Laura Hansen
Vivarce	Frank Mills	Giselle de Gourgiran	Olga Nethersole



Sam Bernard

Ethel Levey

Ethel Levey and the cadets

Ethel Levey

Sam Bernard

SCENES IN SAM BERNARD'S NEW PIECE "NEARLY A HERO" AT THE CASINO

In the psychology of the feminine heart the French have few equals. Of the modern dramatic authors perhaps Paul Hervieu is one of its greatest pathologists. Its wonderful machinery and marvelous intricacies are to him as an open book. When, therefore, he combines this knowledge with a keen theatrical instinct he result as far as the theatre is concerned is certain to be something of keen intellectual enjoyment. "The Enigma," his two-act play, which Olga Nethersole presented during her recent engagement at Daly's, was a character study of superior interest. It was pity that its interpretation was not of a more subtle character, as many good points went for naught. Two sisters are married. One has a lover who is interrupted in his flight. Each husband, suspicious of his own wife, is still anxious to fix the guilt on the other's spouse. The scenes of doubt are exploited with the nicest ingenuity and suspense, and the conclusion is quite Solomon-like in its dramatic dénouement. The philosophy of married life is expressed by each character from his own individual viewpoint, and the result is dialogue wittily cynical, humorously true and intellectually illuminating. It was as the innocent wife, Giselle de Gouriran, that Miss Nethersole appeared.

A very pretty and picturesque setting of "I Pagliacci" followed "The Enigma." Charles E. Brookfield's version is clean-cut and interesting, but with Leoncavallo's music as an incidental feature

only, the memory of the opera would not down, and the result was somewhat disappointing. There were some nice points in Miss Nethersole's rendering of Nedda, but her growing sin of affectation swept away too much of the real. Jack Standing made a handsome Silvio, and enacted his love scenes with true Calabrian fervor.

DALY'S. Mme. Komisarzhevsky in repertoire.

We press the hand of Mme. Komisarzhevsky with a welcome that in the nature of the case must be almost mute. Mme. Komisarzhevsky is a competent actress. Her training has evidently been the result of conscientious and thoughtful care. She is artistic, and her personality grows upon you as you see her in successive performances of various parts; but we will not undertake to describe qualities that are witnessed by only a handful of people of more or less intelligence. We are sorry to say, and we say it with the hope that it will not detract from the warmth of our welcome, that the Russian language is unfamiliar to us. Russians interpreting a Norwegian play to Americans is a more or less interesting complication. It is too late in the day to discuss Nora and "The Doll's House." Ibsen's day, at best, is growing dark and falling to its decline with us. Ibsen is becoming largely an

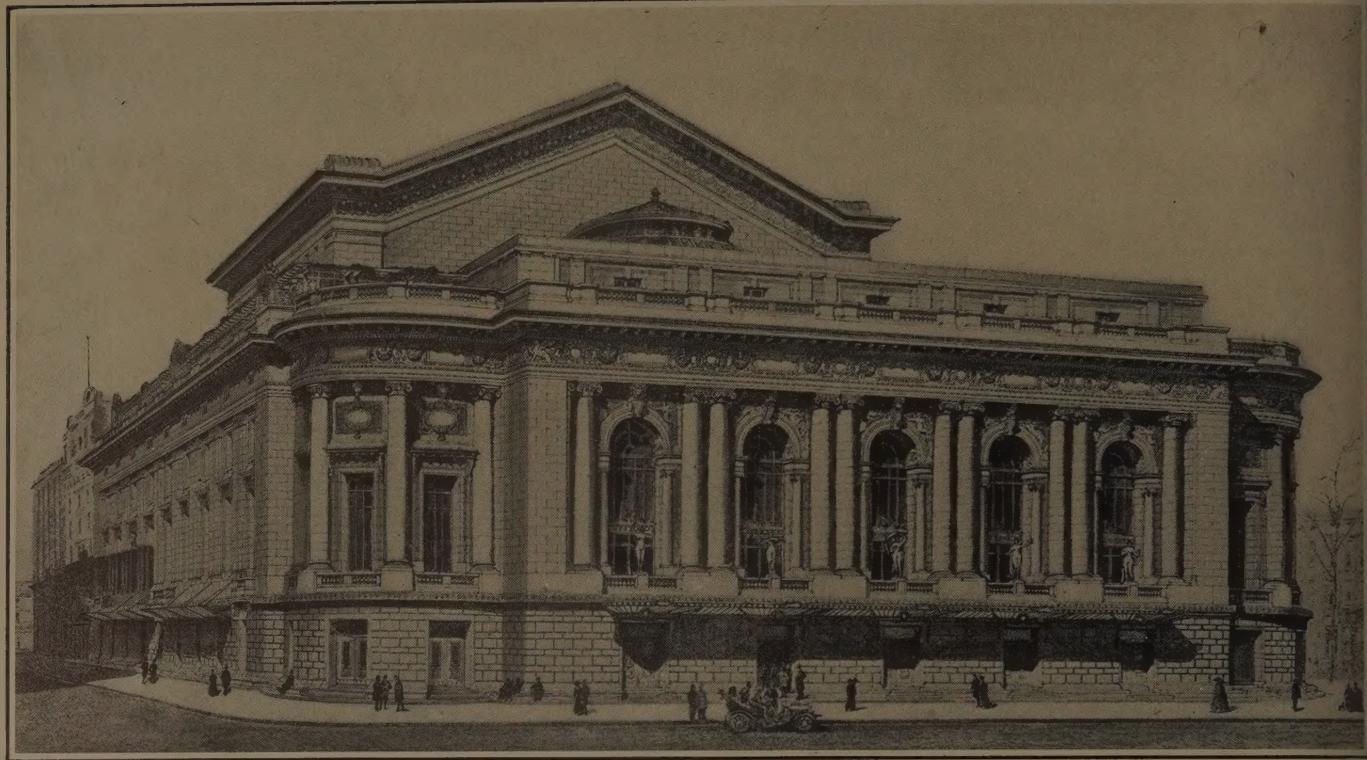
(Continued on page x)

From the *Illustrated London News*

BRITISH DRAMATISTS PLEAD TO THEIR GOVERNMENT FOR A FREE THEATRE

1. Mr. Granville Barker (in the center) after the interview with Mr. Gladstone 2. Sir W. S. Gilbert on the steps of the Home Office 3. Mr. J. M. Barrie (with his inseparable pipe) and Mr. Henry James 4. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Comyns Carr leaving the Home Office

On February 25 a deputation of dramatic authors, introduced by Mr. J. M. Barrie, waited on the Home Secretary, in the absence of the Prime Minister, and represented the case or the improvement of the Censorship of Plays. Mr. Barrie was supported by Mr. Pinero and Sir W. S. Gilbert, and there was a large attendance of leading authors. Mr. Gladstone, while expressing a personal sympathy with the object of the deputation, and contending that the Censor had done his duty with a sense of responsibility which left no ground for personal complaint against that official, could only promise to represent the deputation's views to the Prime Minister. These views, as he understood them, were not that the Censorship should be abolished, but that a system should be established under which there should be an appeal to some tribunal



Courtesy of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, architects

THE NEW THEATRE, FACING CENTRAL PARK WEST AT SIXTY-SECOND STREET, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

The Ideal and the Real "New Theatre"



W. K. VANDERBILT
President of the New
Theatre

some day in our favorite daily, or in all the dailies, that the "New Theatre," or the "National Theatre" has passed from the preparatory to the practical stage of its existence. Perhaps, who knows, we may even live long enough to learn that many "New Theatres" have been founded in the great cities of this great new land, and to hear men wondering how they could ever have got on without them.

Already at least one of these miraculous-seeming playhouses has been planned. Not only has it been planned (the "National Theatre" reached that point in its development years ago), but it has also been founded. And when I say "founded," I mean that, besides organizing themselves into a company, and assuming the responsibility which the word implies, the founders of a "New Theatre," in New York, have proved their right to bear their name by actually laying the foundation of a building planned on the most liberal scale and destined, if they have their way, to become an educational and uplifting influence.

We have read and re-read what has been printed about this theatre. We have seen pic-

AN Ideal Theatre! A theatre in which art would rise superior to the lust of gain. Or, better still, a theatre which would be so munificently supplied with funds, that its management would have no need to fret itself over the sordid question of profit and loss.

Who, that has any interest in the stage, apart from the amusement it provides, has not dreamt of such a playhouse, only to sigh and say to himself, maybe:

"If it could but be realized!"

And yet some of us may live to see the realization of the dream. We may read

tures of it in the papers. We have heard of the three millions which it will cost the immensely wealthy and ambitious gentlemen by whom it has been projected and, to some extent, also endowed.

We know that, among the founders of the "New Theatre" there are men with immeasurable resources, men distinguished socially and powerful financially.

Better than all, we have reasons for believing that, of the twenty-five originators of the scheme, some, if not most, are honestly interested in the artistic and beneficent aspects of the work which they have begun, rather than in the glory or the amusement they may derive from it.

For, now as ever, though the world seems to stand still, it really moves.

Eppur' si muove.

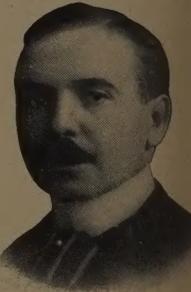
How comes it, then, that out of the millions who may benefit by the "New Theatre"—many either dismiss it from their thoughts as if it had no meaning for them, while only a few speak of it with seriousness?

Over and over again, when I have attempted to interest this person or that in the projected institution, I have found myself talking to deaf ears or distrustful minds.

Few, apparently, have quite convinced themselves that the "New Theatre" is not merely a new name for the "National Art Theatre," which, it is but fair to say, had in a measure paved the way for it by crystallizing a number of vague hopes and ideals long sneered at as the hallucinations of visionaries. Few, among those who know better than to confound fact with theory, seem at the present moment to have confidence in the artistic aims of rich crusaders.



MR. GRANVILLE BARKER
Well-known English playwright, who may
be director of the New Theatre



OTTO KAHN
Treasurer of the New
Theatre

It takes some time, you see, to accustom one's self to anything so unusual, so unprecedented, in America as a millionaire who regards drama as an instrument of morality and a means of culture. How much more time, then, must it not require to persuade one's self that twenty or fifty millionaires have banded themselves together for the purpose of uplifting and protecting drama?

Nor, strange to say, have the actors in this country, as a mass, revealed much sympathy with the "New Theatre" movement. Possibly they have lain too long under the heel of the so-called theatrical "Syndicate" to have much faith, or hope, or charity left in them. The "Syndicate" is practical. And, till the "New Theatre" is working, even though it be backed by millionaires, a majority of our actors will continue to regard it as unpractical.

Moreover, in addition to the aloofness of the public and the scepticism of the "profession," the "New Theatre" has had to contend with the indifference, or the malevolent neutrality of the newspaper editors.

Knowing, as I do, how very much more imaginative my Park Row brethren are, as a rule, than most Thespians, their attitude towards the most fascinating theatrical possibility of our time is absolutely unintelligible to me. Unless, indeed, it should — sub-consciously, perhaps — be based upon the *Timeo Danaos* policy, which, in this instance, seems discourteous and unreasonable.

The distrust, the courtesy, the instinctive antagonism of many outside those circles which the "Syndicate" influences, is due, no doubt, in some degree, to the wholly unwarranted assumption that the "New Theatre" has been planned less as a public good than as a rich man'sfad or plaything.

Had it been possible for the founders to disclose the details of their plans and purposes their path might have been easier. But, being as they are, with an exception or two, "business men," they have thought it of more importance to build their theatre than to formulate their opinions as to the way in which that theatre could, with most advantage to the community or to themselves, be operated.

To their honor, it should be understood, once and for all, that they disclaim all wish for more than a nominal pecuniary return for their investment. This, of itself, raises them above the suspicion of an intention to compete with the Syndicate or its adversaries. Let it also be recorded that, knowing their own insight

into stage affairs to be very limited, before commissioning architects to design their theatre, they consulted experts, including theatrical managers, critics, actors and dramatists, as to the possibilities and the impossibilities of their purposes.

Those purposes, as some of the founders have confessed to me with creditable frankness, are still far from precise, except as to their broad outlines.

In good faith, they have founded the "New Theatre." In good faith they proclaim their hope of making it, as it were, the germ of something like an American equivalent of the Théâtre-Français, or a German Hoftheater. On some points they are willing —nay, anxious—to have advice. On others, advice would be useless, as the decisions already arrived at are irrevocable.

It would be wasting time, for instance, to raise objections to the subsidiary scheme for giving performances of opéra comique twice weekly in addition to the five or more regular weekly performances of comedy and drama projected.

By many, among them some of the founders, this confusion or combination of purposes has been thought unfortunate. In German capitals of minor rank, like Meiningen or Darmstadt, it would be natural to give drama and opera and ballet on the same stage. Two or more theatres might be ruinous to their exalted backers. Moreover, one would serve as well, and indeed better, than three.

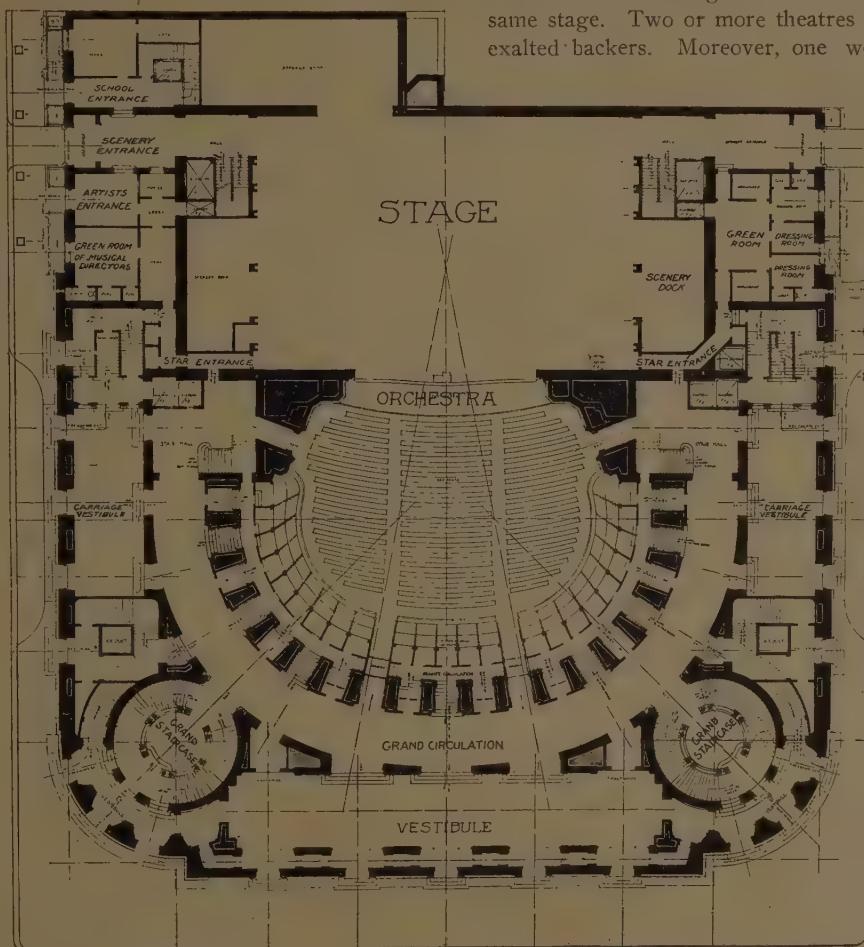
New York, however, with its four millions of inhabitants and its two existing opera houses, would seem important enough to have its great Temple of Drama kept separate from its Temple of Music. But, while in theory this view may be reasonable, it cannot affect the plans of the "New Theatre," as, in order to obtain the co-operation of some of the less idealistic future boxholders, it was found necessary to assure them a little amusement — otherwise a little opéra comique — as well as a great deal of solid drama.

The central objects of the "New Theatre," notwithstanding the obtrusion of music, will still, according to the founders most actively interested in the work, be the uplifting of drama

and the encouragement and improvement of acting in America.

That sounds well enough. But, sceptics may ask, what certainty have we that the distinguished founders, however wealthy they may be, will have the ability and capital needed for the establishment of their theatre?

From the official statements issued, it would appear that (roughly) the building, without such artistic embellishments as painting and sculpture (which could come later), will cost



GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW THEATRE

In many ways, both internally and externally, the "New Theatre" will differ widely from other American playhouses. The stage will be supplied with the most modern mechanical and electrical appliances. The two tiers of boxes will be connected by private stairways and surrounded by a private corridor. Two grand staircases will be a feature of the building; and, facing Central Park there will be an imposing foyer, on the European plan, situated midway between what, at the Metropolitan Opera House, are called the parterre and grand tiers. Commodious dressing rooms for the artists, two "star entrances," a large scenery dock and two "green rooms" will also be provided for the "New Theatre." The exterior of the building, in the Italian Renaissance style, will be dignified and in harmony with its purposes.

\$2,000,000, while \$1,000,000, more or less, will be or has been expended on the land situated between West Sixty-second, West Sixty-third street and Central Park, on which it will be erected. These expenditures give a grand total of \$3,000,000.

Where is the money coming from to provide for these \$3,000,000 and for the working expenses of the house?

Here is the answer:

Forty-eight of the fifty boxes which will be built have been sold in perpetuity at \$25,000 a piece, for two performances each week during each season. Two—not all—performances. Here, then, are \$1,200,000 of the three or more millions required for the land and the building. The balance, variously estimated at \$1,600,000 and \$1,800,000, will be raised by means of a mortgage on the completed building.

As an expedient, and in view of the hard times which have succeeded the period of prosperity in which the "New Theatre" was conceived, this method of assuring the creation, at least, of the projected house may be sensible. But it is neither ideal, nor impressively dignified, as it leaves the future of the institution at the mercy of events.

As to the working expenses, it will be of interest to know that \$250,000 have been provided by the twenty-five founders, each of whom has subscribed or pledged himself to the extent of \$10,000.

The founders are the following well-known gentlemen: John Jacob Astor, Edmund L. Baylies, George F. Baker, Cortlandt F. Bishop, Paul D. Cravath, Wm. B. O. Field, Henry Clay Frick, George J. Gould, Eliot Gregory, Archer M. Huntington, James H. Hyde, Otto H. Kahn, treasurer; W. D. Kountze, Clarence H. Mackay, J. P. Morgan, James Stillman, H. McK. Twombly, R. B. Van Cortlandt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt, president; Henry Walters, Harry Payne Whitney, M. Orme Wilson, and H. R. Winthrop, secretary.

Possibly the difficulty as to the safeguarding of the future will solve itself. The names of many among the founders are a guarantee that, once the practicability of the "New Theatre" has

been demonstrated, and public sympathy secured, the millionaires who created it will not permit their child to perish.

Before long, and before they can expect to win the public sympathy which is indispensable to the success of the theatre, the founders will have to settle three great questions—the questions of the management, the company (or companies), and the repertory.

All are vital. A mistake in the selection of the manager or managers might lead to irreparable blunders in the recruiting of the company and in the composition of the repertory. Without good actors, on the other hand, the repertory could not be fittingly interpreted. And without good plays, the best actors would, of course, be valueless.

Up to the present, no manager or managers would seem to have been chosen, though many have been considered, and even talked of, unofficially.

It is probable that the effective management of the enterprise will, at the outset, be divided between a musical director, who will have charge of the two weekly performances of *opéra comique* and the engagement of the singers; a dramatic director, who will engage the actors and, either alone or in conjunction with a literary associate, make up the repertory of plays; and an administrator-general, overseeing and theoretically controlling

the two directors, with the understanding that only in extreme cases will he hamper the action or disturb the policy of those directors.

The founders, like the administrator-general, will also interfere only, if at all, by suggestion, except in grave cases. Their position, in relation to that of the directors and the administrator-general, would be more or less like that of the Supreme Court in the United States system of government.

A sentiment in favor of the appointment of an American or Americanized administrator-general and directors has been expressed in many quarters. But, however natural it may have



White

KATHERINE GREY AND FRANK YOUNG IN "THE WORTH OF A WOMAN"

been, it is only a sentiment, if not, indeed, a prejudice. If the "New Theatre" were to be a national enterprise, it might be logical to insist on having Americans at the head of it. But the projected institution is a private venture, which makes all the difference.

Were Sir Henry Irving alive, the founders would unquestionably and unhesitatingly entrust him with the organization of the theatre, and no one of any importance would protest.

Yet, other things being equal, one need not doubt that the founders would prefer to see Americans in charge of the "New Theatre." But the first, second and last point to be considered is efficiency.

An American administrator-general might be unearthed. It would be easy to select a musical director. The choice of the dramatic director is more difficult.

Where, at this moment, could one find an American combining in himself the essentials of a "New Theatre" dramatic director, which I take to be:

(1) Character, i. e., will, tact and dignity. (2) Experience, of an unusual kind, in the theory and practice of theatrical management. (3) Familiarity with the dramatic literature and dramatic movements of his own and foreign lands.

A great actor, well educated and at home in foreign languages, might do.

Does he exist here?

Mr. E. H. Sothern has some of the required qualities. I do not know whether he is as familiar with the Continental stage as with the drama of this country and of England.

Who else?

Mr. Daniel Frohman stands a little too near to the theatrical "Syndicate" to be quite satisfying as a dramatic director. He might make an excellent administrator-general.

In England, just at present, the dearth of great actors and great actor-managers seems as evident as it is here. But there are three men of distinction on the London stage who might have qualifications for the post of dramatic director of the "New Theatre"—Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been suggested. I suspect him of having originated the idea.

Though but slightly acquainted with this country, Sir Charles Wyndham would be welcome if he were appointed. He has, I believe, the three essentials which I have mentioned—character, experience and familiarity with the world's drama. Mr. Barker, again, has youth, personal "magnetism," scholarship, practical experience and audacity in his favor. Mr. Tree has the prestige of his London achievements as a producer and an interpreter of plays, besides an intimate acquaintance with foreign and English

drama. I am not sure that he has all the components of the first essential—character.

The recruiting of the company will be a great but not insuperable obstacle in the path of the management.

Stars, and the abuses of the star system, must be abolished.

The actors and actresses engaged would have to be so trained that they could vary the rôles in their repertory and disguise their "personalities" sufficiently to give one an illusion in their interpretations of character. They should be masters of diction.

While a leaven of experienced artists of mature years would be invaluable to the organization, the bulk of the company should be young.

And to attract the right actors, young and old, to the "New Theatre," it would be well—indeed, it will be necessary—to pay them not only as much as they could earn in the "commercial" theatres, but a little more. The pension fund which will eventually form part of the "New Theatre" scheme, and the knowledge that they would only exceptionally, if ever, be obliged to travel, should unquestionably appeal to actors and lighten the labors of the management.

A school of acting, under the direction of accomplished professors, should be the complement of the theatre.

The repertory should be representative of the world's drama. It should include Greek tragedy and comedy, pre-Shakespearian and Shakespearian plays, the great works of all the nations, and, above all, it should be borne in mind that the development and encouragement of American drama is an ultimate object.

Therefore, while at first it might not be necessary to insist on the production of new works, of a high order, by American or Americanized dramatists, they should be given a large place in the plans and, after a year or two, also in the programs of the management.

Never, even at the beginning of its career, did the Théâtre-Français omit to be "modern." It did not look to the dead masters of the stage for its prosperity, but to the Molières and the Corneilles, the living geniuses.

There may not be a Molière or a Corneille in this country. But who knows whether, even now, there is not an American Sheridan or Sudermann waiting for encouragement?

The classics of the world should be the backbone of the repertory. At least once or twice each week a great work by an English dramatist should be presented. But it would be perilous to swear only by the classics. The history of Romanticism and of Realism in France and Germany is a warning and a counsel.

To succeed, and to win public sympathy, the "New Theatre" must be largely new, not only in name and in conception, but also in fact.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.



Photo Paul Boyer
 Mme. Mathieu-Lutz M. Salignac Mme. Friché M. Dufranne
 SCENE IN XAVIER LEROUX'S OPERA "LE CHEMINEAU" SHORTLY TO BE HEARD IN NEW YORK
 This work, which has already been seen in this country in dramatic form under the title of "The Harvester," has had a success at the Opéra Comique in Paris almost equal to that of Charpentier's "Louise"



From the *Tatler*
IANA (SIGNORA AGUGLIA)



THE FIGHT BETWEEN COLA (SIGNOR CAPELLI) AND NINU (SIGNOR GRASSO)



NINU AND IANA

The Latest Theatrical Sensation—the Sicilian Players

THE latest theatrical sensation in London has been the visit of the Sicilian Players, who recently crossed the English Channel after giving a series of performances in Paris at the M. Lugné-Poë's Théâtre de l'Oeuvre. The vogue of the Sicilians in the French capital was enormous, the Parisians flocking in enthusiastic crowds to witness their performances, and this success has been repeated on even a greater scale in the British metropolis. Negotiations are already pending for the players' appearance in America, and it is not unlikely that we shall see them here before the present season closes. In London they are appearing at the Shaftesbury, and every night the theatre is crowded to the doors with fashionable and intellectual people. "For sheer temperament," declares one critic, "the Sicilian players throw all others in the shade."

"The company," says the *Stage*, "are headed by two artists of distinguished, if, in one instance, almost unbridled, gifts, Cav. Giovanni Grasso, an actor showing both power and judicious restraint, and Mimi Aguglia Ferrau, wife of the director of the enterprise, Signor V. Ferrau. Signora Ferrau spares nothing in the portrayal of sexual passion, the representation of which she carries absolutely to the extreme limit permissible in stage work; and not even in the too much-disussed scenes in Granville Barker's 'Waste' have the inmost workings, both physical and emotional, of a woman's nature been shown with such startling, breath-catching, and uncompromising realism as in this fine actress' assumption of Iana in Luigi Capuana's Sicilian drama 'Malia,' which formed the opening bill of this engagement at the Shaftesbury. 'Malia' bears considerable affinity to

that other Sicilian tragedy 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' which forms the book of Mascagni's opera, and which is included in the repertory of the company, together with Gabriele D'Annunzio's 'La Gioconda' and 'La Figlia de Jorio.' Love, jealousy, and homicide here again combine to form the theme of a grimly impressive, if crude and repellent play. Mimi Aguglia Ferrau, Giovanni Grasso, Signor Lo Turco, and their other associates in a company noted for an admirable ensemble succeeded in giving a perfectly intelligible picture of the rough and often coarse manners and the unchecked elemental passions of the Sicilian peasantry.

"Signora Aguglia displayed well her gifts of facial play and expressive gesture as an emotional actress. Iana, who is, as portrayed by the leading lady of the Sicilians, but a little virago and spitfire at best, reveals the depths of her nature in act two, which takes place on the day of the Festival of the Immaculate Conception. The girl, who is supposed to be possessed by an evil spirit, alternately prays to and blasphemously reviles the image of the Virgin on the cottage wall, but the cajoling of Cola, a sleek, well-favored, persuasive seducer, as represented ably by Signor Lo Turco, causes the flood tide to burst forth. The girl has a violent fit of hysteria, in which she gasps, wriggles, and squirms upon a chair, uttering inarticulate sounds; then, her sexual instincts overcoming her, she ardently clings to and presses herself against



From the *Illustrated London News*
SIGNORA MIMI AGUGLIA
The principal woman player in the Sicilian company



From the *Tatler*

THE KILLING OF COLA BY NINU

Cola. There follows a scene presented almost too realistically in which she once more sinks back. Iana has an even more violent fit after Cola has gone, and her friends find her writhing upon the floor. Whether all this is a matter for Art with a capital A may be ques-

Bert A. Williams singing *Late Hours*

PRINCIPALS IN THE COLORED SHOW "BANDANNA LAND" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE



Ada Overton Walker and George W. Walker dancing

tioned; but certainly no more thrilling or nerve-shaking exposition of a woman considered merely as a female animal could be given than that presented by Mimi Aguglia Ferrau. The terrible fight between the two men, with the villagers shrieking and shouting, culminates in Ninu's final leaping upon Cola's neck and cutting his throat with a razor long concealed; this is an appalling and revolting piece of business."

Mr. Walkley, writing of a representation of D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio," says: "We have called Mimi Aguglia's acting hystero-epileptic, and now, as before, her acting seems to be not a matter of deliberate volition, still less of reasoned calculation, but rather the case of a patient in convulsions. This time she is convulsed with horror and fear and physical loathing. That it should be Aligio's father who is thus pursuing her! that she should have kept herself pure from Aligio—notwithstanding their

great love—that she should have achieved this conquest of self only to fall a victim to the lust of Aligio's own father! The satyr glares and grins and gloats, drawing nearer and nearer, while she edges away, her teeth audibly chattering, her eyes staring wildly, her mouth twitching, every limb shaking in a palsy of fear. She tries to force a smile, tries to gain a little respite by speaking the man fair, but the moment he touches her the smile is distorted into a grimace of agony, and she spits at him like a she-cat. And, even now as we write, we can still see this small, rather squat, gypsy-looking woman, with the big circles round the eyes, and the tangle of blue-black hair, cowering in the corner of the Shaftesbury stage, a hunted animal, quivering, spluttering, gasping with terror." This is stage realism with a vengeance. It remains to be seen if our public will stand for it.



SCENE IN "THE VILLAGE LAWYER," RURAL COMEDY SEEN RECENTLY AT THE GARDEN

Centenary of America's Oldest Playhouse



Collection of Frank Howe, Jr.

PLAYBILL DATED 1846

Announcing the second appearance in Philadelphia of Edwin Forrest in the rôle of Othello

century's mutations, may be regarded as the cradle of the drama in this country. Edwin Forrest, as a boy, made his débüt upon the Walnut's stage, and there also have appeared the greatest of American players. Never, in all its history, has the Walnut been

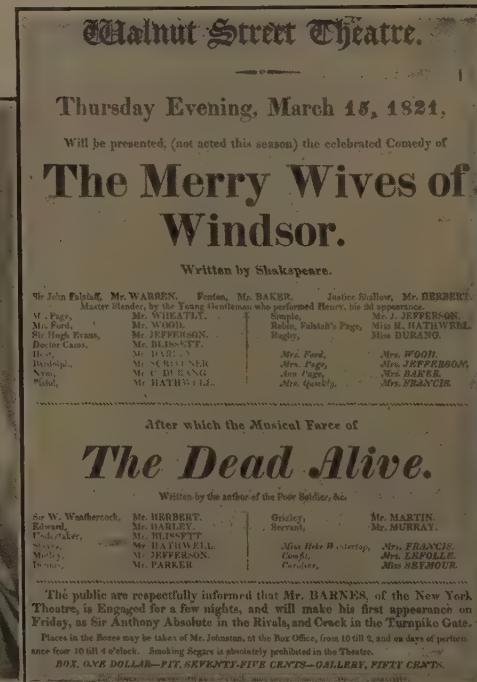


EXTERIOR OF THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

THE oldest playhouse in America, Philadelphia's Walnut Street Theatre, began its 100th year on February 2d last. The announcement of this anniversary is of interest to every playgoer for the historic building, in many respects unchanged during a

zenith of popularity. Chauncey Olcott, whose Christmas and New Year's engagements for the last fourteen years have been played at the Walnut, never had a more prosperous fortnight than that of this season there.

The Walnut was originally an indoor circus, and was opened by Pepin and Breschard, equestrians, on February 2, 1809. Ninth and Walnut streets, now one of the busy sections of the city, was then a remote locality, and the wiseacres of that early period of the last century were convinced that the "New Circus" was destined, because of location, to come to financial grief. The managers, however, prospered in their enterprise. At first they gave pantomimes on horse and on foot, but later stage performances were introduced, and the name of the house was changed from the New Circus to the Olympic Theatre. The house's new policy was inaugurated on January 1, 1812, when "The Rivals" was played, followed by exhibitions of horsemanship and by "The Poor Soldier." The circus features, however, predominated when Warren and Wood, whose Chestnut Street Theatre had been destroyed by fire, took a lease of the Olympic. They removed a dome over the pit, because it had been ascer-



Collection of Frank Howe, Jr.

JOHN T. RAYMOND

ANNIE WARD TIFFANY

Playbill dated 1821, containing the names of William Warren and of the three Jeffersons

MRS. D. P. BOWERS

W. J. FLORENCE

tained that this architectural feature interfered with the house's acoustic properties. Under Warren & Wood's management, Forrest made his first appearance on the stage at the Olympic, and Edmund Kean, who, by the reviewers of the day was dubbed a quack, a mountebank and a vulgar impostor, likewise was seen, for the first time in Philadelphia, in that theatre.

Price & Simpson succeeded Warren & Wood as managers of the house, and in the season of 1822-3, Joe Cowell, representing the first-named managers, was placed in charge as resident director. In 1827 the Olympic became the Philadelphia Theatre, and Cowell brought the elder Booth to the house. Cowell rebuilt the front of the theatre in 1828, but he was, in that year, forced out of the management, which was taken by William R. Blake, a comedian, and a wealthy hotel-keeper named Inslee. The new firm abolished the circus feature of the house and established a dramatic company there. The season of 1828-9 was brilliant but disastrous.

Joseph Jefferson (the first), William Chapman and Joe Cowell were in the company in 1829-

30, when Chapman, Greene and Edmunds were managers. That season was brilliant enough, but money was scarce, and Samuel Chapman's reward was to be sent to prison for debt. However, Samuel, in the firm of S. and W. Chapman, continued his managerial connection with the theatre, but when he died the house passed out of the Chapman family.

Maywood, Rawbotham and Pratt, managers of the Chestnut Street Theatre, in 1831 took the lease of the Walnut, and continued their management of the theatre until 1834, when they acquired the Arch Street Theatre and relinquished the Walnut. During that régime, the celebrated singer, Malibran, was heard from the Walnut's stage. Francis C. Wemyss, a popular actor in Philadelphia, on Dec. 22, 1834, appeared as manager of the house, then, for the first time called the American Theatre, and he played Rover in the opening production, an old comedy called "Wild Oats."

Successively the house passed in 1840 to the management of Dinneford and Marshall, to E. A. Marshall, to Mrs. A. M. Garretson in 1856 and to John Sleeper Clarke and Edwin Booth in 1865. For ten years Clarke managed the house, with Thomas J. Hemphill and

Thomas A. Hall, successively acting managers. In 1875, George K. Goodwin became associated with Clark. Goodwin died in 1882, and since that time the managers have been Fleishman and Hall, Israel Fleishman, Rich and Harris, and the present lessee and manager, Frank Howe, Jr., whose association with the theatre, under Rich and Harris, began in 1889. The theatre's interior was rebuilt in 1892, and it is to-day as cozy as anyone could wish.

Among the stars who have appeared at the Walnut may be mentioned Fanny Davenport, Modjeska, David Warfield, Nat Goodwin, Stuart Robson, William J. Florence, Mrs. Fiske, who, in 1895 played "A Doll's House" there; Madam Janauschek, Otis Skinner, William H. Crane, Annie Pixley and Minnie Palmer. The elder John Drew, under the management of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, played there in 1855 and in 1857, and his farewell engagement, previous to his departure for California and Australia, was made there in November, 1858.

In 1884, Lotta, one of the annual visitors to the Walnut, played Topsy there in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," arranged with Topsy as the star part.

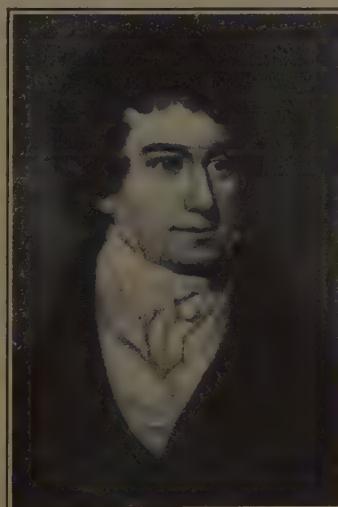
Kean's first appearance on April 9, 1821, was in "Richard III," and the performance, beginning at 7 o'clock, was diversified with "The Sailor's Hornpipe," danced by Miss H. Hathwell, "by particular desire," and, by the farce, "Matrimony." A program of this performance, reproduced in this article, hangs on the wall of Manager Howe's office—a large room used as a bar in the early days of the theatre's history. In fact, this office is filled with mementoes of famous actors, living and dead, and there is almost a complete series of programs for the entire century. For instance, a program of interest is that relating to the second appearance of Forrest in Philadelphia, following his return from Europe. "Othello" is the prime attraction, but the

gallery boys got their shilling's worth in a "grand pas seal" by Mrs. Walters, and in a farce, "The New Footman," which supplemented the Shakespearian offering.

John F. Watson, a careful annotator of events of interest in Philadelphia, has, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," given a glimpse of the Walnut's early history. Watson, going back to the Cowell régime, writes:



EDWIN FORREST



EDMUND KEAN



J. W. WALLACK, JR.



MRS. JEAN LANDER



F. S. CHANFRAU

Walnut Street Theatre.

Mr. Kean's FIRST NIGHT.

The public are respectfully informed that Mr. KEAN is Engaged for a few nights and will appear

On Monday Evening April 9, 1821,

In Shakespeare's Tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Richard, Duke of Gloster, Mr. KEAN.

King Henry the Sixth,
Prince of Wales,
Duke of York,
Duke of Buckingham,
Henry, Earl of Richmond,
Duke of Norfolk,
Tressel,
Catesby,
Ratcliff,

Mr. WARREN.
Miss HATHWELL.
Miss H. HATHWELL.
Mr. WOOD.
Mr. WILLIAMS.
Mr. WHEATLEY.
Mr. BAKER.
Mr. DARLEY.
Mr. C. DURANG.

Earl of Oxford,
Lieutenant of the Tower,
Lord Stanley,
Lord Mayor,
Tyrrel,
Blount,
Quen Elizabeth,
Duchess of York,
Lady Anne,

Mr. PARKER.
Mr. SCRIVENER.
Mr. HATHWELL.
Mr. FRANCIS.
Mr. MARTIN.
Mr. MURRAY.
Mrs. WILLIAMS.
Mrs. LEPOLE.
Mrs. WOOD.

After the Tragedy, (by particular desire)

The Sailor's Hornpipe,

BY MISS H. HATHWELL.

To which will be added the Farce of

MATRIMONY.

Baron de Linburg, Mr. HATHWELL.
O'Clougherty, (alias McGingriffishoff) Mr. DARLEY.
Clara, Mrs. WOOD.

Delaval, Mr. JEFFERSON.
Guards, Messrs. Parker, Murray.

Lisetta, Mrs. JEFFERSON.

Collection of Frank Howe, Jr.
Edmund Kean, the famous English tragedian, made his American début on November 29, 1820, at the Anthony Street Theatre, New York, in the character of Richard III. Later he visited Philadelphia, where he appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre

"After the ring performances Mr. Cowell, who was the manager, played Paul Pry. It was until a recent period known as the Olympic Theatre, and now as the New American or Walnut Street Theatre. One circus company, we think, was under the management of Turner, the equestrian, who performed from February 7th to March 14th, 1842, in a movable ring set on the stage.

"Dan Rice and company of equestrians performed at the Walnut Street Theatre for two weeks, commencing March 3, 1862. The ring was built upon the stage. Nixon's Royal Equestrian Troupe exhibited at the Walnut Street Theatre June 11, 1860, a gutta-percha ring being placed upon the stage."

Some interesting details of the first performance at the Walnut have been recorded. It had been intended to open the circus on January 31, 1809, but for some reason or other there was postponement until Thursday, February 2d. In the company was a Mr. Segne, a pupil of Pepin and Breschard, who on horseback was seen in "several comic attitudes" and who also "vaulted over his horse



MME. KOMISARZHEVSKY
Russian actress seen recently at Daly's Theatre

in full speed." Breschard himself, who was a pantomimist in "the comic scene of Canadian peasant," performed "astonishing exercises with the hoops, single, double and treble handed," terminating with "the leap of the ribbon." Pepin, giving an exhibition of horsemanship, concluded "with the leap through the barrel, which has never been attempted by any person but himself in America." Breschard, on two horses, "threw apples, oranges, etc., three at a time in the air, and received them with forks and bottle, etc., and concluded with the pyramids with Master Diego on his head." The act finished with "the undaunted horse calmly wrapt in flames." The house was open two nights each week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The performances began at 6.30, and prices of admission 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00.

In a hundred years a theatre sees many changes and passes through all kinds of vicissitudes. No player of to-day can tread the boards of the old Walnut Street Theatre without receiving some inspiration from its associations. HERMAN L. DIECK.

Ah! There Were Actors Then

By HARRY B. SMITH

(Recited by Mr. Ralph C. Herz in "The Soul Kiss" and reprinted by permission of F. Ziegfeld)

I've traveled this Broadway of yours each day, come rain or shine:
In offices, I've worn out many chairs.
The managers politely say, "There's nothing in your line,"
The clerks give me their supercilious stare.
They sneer at me, they do not even recognize my name,
The name that had such magic in my youth.
And this to me, an artist who was sharer in the fame
Of Edwin Forrest and the elder Booth.

II

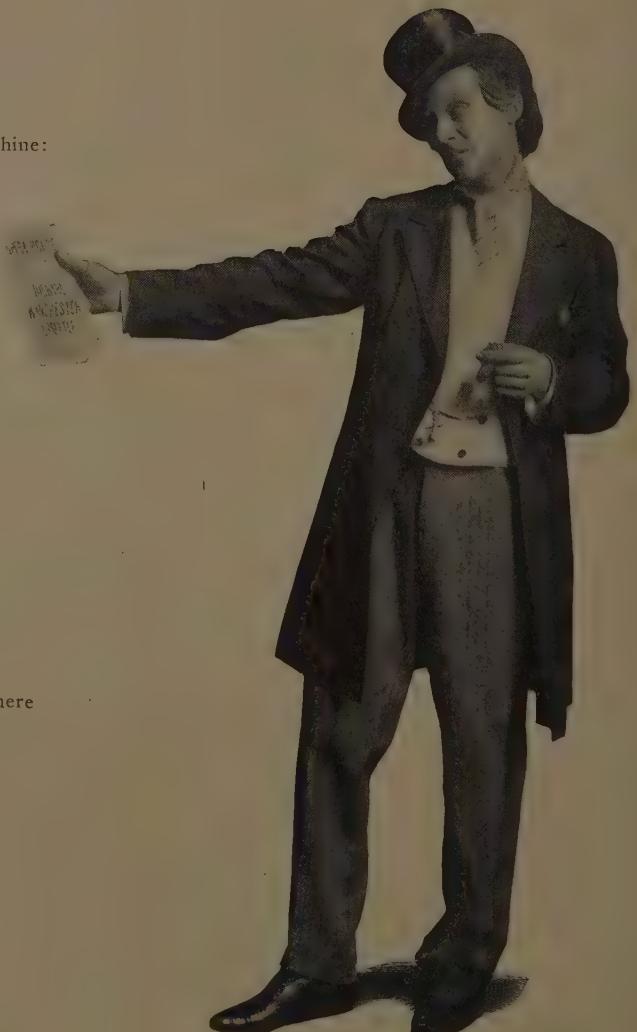
You talk of acting.
Ah, my boy! Ned Forrest was the man.
Macready! Lord, it does seem long ago!
Then Barrett, Burton, Boucicault—
You match them if you can,
And Nielson—I was once her Romeo.
You speak of Booth—why we were chums—
I still can hear his voice,
How Davenport's Sir Giles the blood would freeze.
The elder Sothern! Comedy—to make your heart rejoice,
And Charlotte Cushman's old Meg Merriles.

III

The later days you may recall. Remember Union Square?
Not long ago; some twenty years and odd.
You may remember Charlie Thorne; the tears were always there
When he would turn up stage and say "My God!"
Then there was little Lotta; bless her heart! she's with us yet.
You can't match her with any of your gals.
John Gilbert, Wallack, Brougham—friends I never can forget;
Joe Jefferson, the last of my old pals.

L'ENVOI

Ah! That was the drama's prime, my boy,
Those glorious days of yore,
But the giants of old are a story told,
They are shadows and ghosts no more.
I'm a veteran, yes; out of date, I guess,
And I never may act again,
But I won my praise in the palmy days,
And, my boy, there were actors then!



Ralph C. Herz as the Old Actor



IN THE "DANICHEFFS"



AS VIRGINIUS



AS IAGO



AS HAMLET

James O'Neill—the Actor and the Man

INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYERS No. 59

James O'Neill has a smile that Nature did ill to bestow upon a man. To any woman it would have been a fortune. To a man it is a superfluity, a waste of what would have been a tremendous beauty asset. For every woman needs that illuminating, softening, bewitching relaxation of the features for which we have a very inadequate name in a smile. To her it is a necessity. To a man it is a luxury.

Yet that smile would have been more than a mere adornment for James O'Neill, had his manner of life been what he had at first intended, what his family had designed for him, what his tastes dictated. On Long Island and in Philadelphia there are parish houses which Mr. O'Neill frequently visits and where, he says, he feels a shade more at home than anywhere else in the world. The priests he calls upon there salute him in a half brotherly fashion. They talk of the parish duties, the parish troubles, and—they tell the parish jokes. To all these he turns an ear of interest and the distinctive O'Neill smile. To the parish house that smile belongs. There it would have been a lamp to the path of the hopeless. It is a smile that illuminates his face as a torch lights a place of darkness. It is kindly, rarely intelligent, and plays odd little pranks with the corners of his lips, that tell the story of a merriment he seeks to repress.

After the smile one notices the eyes of the actor. They are brown and bright. They have a habit of smiling pleasantly when the lips are motionless. And once or twice when our chat drifted for a moment into deeper channels there

was a transitory mist upon them which he quickly wiped away. They are larger and fuller eyes than we see often in the face of a man, and they are boyish eyes, the eyes of everlasting youth.

All this one notices while the dignified, florid-faced man, of compact figure and broad, well-carried shoulders comes forward in greeting. When his deep-toned voice rumbles richly forth that greeting there is recognizable the fine distant flavor of a brogue. 'Twas the recognition of this remote brogue that set us speculating as to what national temperament is most distinctively dramatic.

"The Irish temperament is dramatic—yes," said Mr. O'Neill. He settled comfortably into a corner of the divan in the hotel drawing room. He does everything deliberately, giving the impression of measured force and of a vast fund of unused vitality. "It is always in the depths or on the heights, tremendously happy or hopelessly miserable. These extremes, of course, make for dramatic comprehension and intensity. But the ideal dramatic temperament is the Irish with a mingling of French. I personally am a great admirer of the French school of acting. They have been doing everything well for so many centuries in France that they cannot do other than well now. Their work has a refinement and finesse that is exquisite."

"And the German school?"

"The German? No, no. The Germans are declaimers. I call their delivery 'the German pump.' It sounds like a pump."

James O'Neill drew his chin back



At twenty-two



JAMES O'NEILL
As Christ in the Passion Play in San Francisco



Hallen

CHRISTIE MACDONALD
In "Miss Hook of Holland" at the Criterion Theatre

until it was sunken deep into his neck. He emitted a half dozen gutturals, rising gradually in pitch until they ended in a last breathless staccato utterance. He smiled and the corners of his lips played their pranks. He considered the imitation a good one.

"Americans are good actors, for they are natural mimics."

To a suggestion about the English school of acting he retorted, "But I was originally Irish, you know." And mirth disclosed itself again at the corners of his mouth. "I am from Kilkenny—where the cats came from, though my family was a peaceable one."

James O'Neill is, by courtesy only, an Irishman. He came to America when he was three years old. His family concluded because his nose was always between book covers that he was of priestly material. And small James O'Neill agreed with them. He still agrees with them.

"It was because my father died and I had to go to work that I am an actor, not a priest," he said. "I tried many kinds of work after my father died. I was a newsboy for one day. Having twenty cents in my pocket I bought some newspapers and sold them. A newsboy who had been watching the brisk business of the recruit suddenly emerged from an alley. Under

his arm was a bundle of papers which he offered to let me have.

"Here, I'll sell ye these cheap," he said. I bought them, and flushed with success, started down the street. My voice helped me. It was bigger than the voices of the other boys and challenged custom. The first man I met bought a paper. I had crossed the street when he beckoned me back.

"What do you mean by selling me yesterday's papers?" he demanded. His face was red with anger. "I've a notion to give you in charge."

"I looked at the date of the paper in his hand. That day was the eleventh. The paper was of the tenth.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't notice the date. I bought the papers from a boy."

"He looked at me, then at a policeman across the street, then back again. 'I believe you, my boy,' he said, 'but you must be careful. Everyone may not believe you.'

"I threw the bundle of papers into the gutter and went home. If I let such a thing happen, I would not be a good newsboy.

"I tried being a machinist, but after a few months gave it up. At this time I was fourteen years old. My brother-in-law, who kept a clothing store in Norfolk, Va., sent for me. The Civil War was on and my brother-in-law sold military uniforms and did a thriving business. I helped him sell the uniforms. He gave me a good salary and provided a tutor for me. For three years I worked in the store all day and studied with my tutor in the evening. He was a man of liberal tastes, and, liking the theatre, he took me with him twice a week to see the plays. It was then that I formed my taste for the theatre. When the war was over my brother-in-law sold out his business and moved back to Cincinnati, and I went with him.

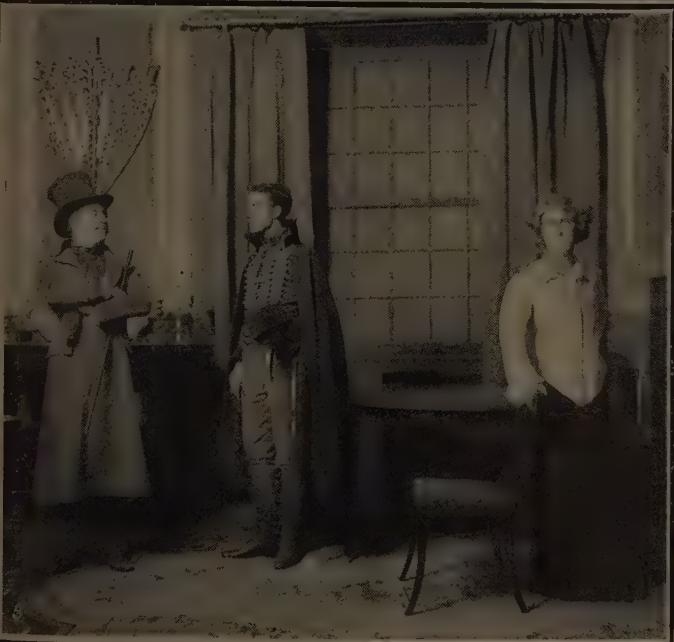
"Having saved a little money I tried to go into several small businesses, but was not successful. I found my money going and wondered what I should do. One night I was playing a game of billiards opposite the old National Theatre, which is still standing, but which is now a tobacco house. The stage manager came in. And, by the way, stage managers were then personages. I have heard a stage manager say to the manager of the company, 'You go out front and attend to your part of the business.' This part of it is mine.' And the manager went. They were persons of standing and authority in the profession. There is no stage management to-day. But I was saying that the stage manager came in looking discouraged. 'I can't get supernumeraries,' he said.

"'Supernumeraries,' I said, 'for "Colleen Bawn"?' I had seen the play the night before. 'Yes.' 'I will be one,' I said. 'You won't,' said the boy who was playing billiards with me. 'You don't mean it.' 'I do mean it.' My enthusiasm communicated itself to the boy. 'I'll go if you do,' he said.

"That night we went to the theatre early, and the wardrobe man dressed me in a marvelous velvet suit with lace ruffles at my wrists. I looked into the mirror. 'I don't look so bad,' said I. 'Indeed you don't,' said the wardrobe man, 'and you're going to have a line.' 'What's a line?' 'I mean you have to speak—to say something.' 'Oh!' A little later I led in the beaux, and when the beautiful leading lady said 'I must have a husband,' I stepped forward, and with a deep bow said, 'Madame, take me!' How the blushes mounted my hoyish cheek!

"For my nightly proposal to the beautiful lady I received twenty-five cents a night. At the end of the week I was receiving a salary as a member of the stock company. My brogue was rich and unadulterated and unadorned. I played James, King of Scotland, to the Queen Elizabeth of Jane Larned, in a play called 'Queen Elizabeth.' A newspaper spoke most pleasantly about me, yet they crushed me with a concluding sentence, 'But young Mr. O'Neill must be reminded that King James was not an Irishman.' 'Oh, that brogue!' The first attention I ever received from Edwin Forrest was when I had been playing for two years with the stock company and was cast for Icilius to his Virginius. After I had made my exit, and the audience had shown its approval, Mr. Forrest came stamping off swearing audi-

Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family" at the Hudson Theatre



(1) Act I. Colonel Bridau (Otis Skinner) to Jean-Jacques Rouget (A. G. Andrew): "Cheer up, Uncle, you have a nephew on hand who will save you." (2) Commandant Gilet (Francis Carlyle) to Flora (Percy Haswell): "But a few days, dear, and we will pull out for Paris." (3) Colonel Bridau and Rosalie Dupré: "Come, now, where has your mistress gone?" (4) Act II. The celebration of Napoleon's birthday. (5) Act IV. Colonel Bridau, Captain Potel (Frederick Sargent) and Flora. The Colonel asks if Max has "kicked the bucket." (6) Colonel Bridau warns Flora



Gehrige, Chicago

MATHILDE MEFFING

Plays Mrs. Willoughby in "Polly of the Circus"



Sarony

HERBERT PERCY

Plays Raymond Legardes in "The Thief"



Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

GLADYS HANSON

Atlanta, Ga., society girl now playing with E. H. Sothern

bly. A moment later his dresser came out of his room smiling.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I was laughing at what the old man just said about you."

"Tell me."

"It may hurt your feelings."

"No, tell me."

"Well," he said, "that fellow O'Neill will make a capital actor if he ever gets rid of that — brogue."

"I was delighted. The profane praise from the greatest actor of the time filled me with elation. 'I'll take care of the brogue,' I said. 'If that's all, it's a small matter.'

"After three years I went to Ford's Theatre at Baltimore as the leading man of the stock company. I was there for two years, then went in the same capacity to the third leading theatre in the United States at that time. Wallack's in New York was the first, Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia was the second, and the third, McVicker's of Chicago. At McVicker's I supported Charlotte Cushman, the greatest of all actresses, to my mind, with the most marvelous of voices. I learned from her the art of so emphasizing one word that the meaning of a sentence was clear.

"She said to me, 'I wish you would go to France to study for a few years. Go to the Conservatoire.' 'I can't,' I answered, 'I have not the money.' 'It's a pity,' she said.

"It was a pity. In that Conservatoire they have the true standards. They pay no attention to a candidate's appearance. They give him something to read, and if there flows from his soul into his voice that wonderful quality — *sympathique* they call it — if he were a hunchback

they would embrace him and say, 'You will become an actor.'

The interviewer interjected a question about Mr. O'Neill's voice, which has the gamut and quality of the lower notes of an organ.

"It was a tenor at the beginning."

"Who placed it so low?"

"I did. I was my own instructor. I worked it out in my room, never had a lesson in vocal culture in my life."

The voice, then, that has been called "the best on the American stage," is a gift plus persevering self-culture. But its possessor had no praise for it.

"I can't sing a note," he regretfully said.

There were triumphs for the twenty-three-year-old leading man at McVicker's. Adelaide Neilson said he was the best Romeo of all her Romeos. Edwin Booth in his gently reticent way withheld direct praise from the young actor, but said to a friend, whom the actor gaspingly charged with prevarication when he repeated it: "That young man will be a better Othello than I am."

To Hooley's Theatre in Chicago he went next as a stock star. Then to San Francisco, and at the Baldwin Theatre, where for three years he had been a leading and beloved figure, there befell him the fate foretold in Cincinnati a little more than ten years before, by the benevolent purchaser of a day-old newspaper. He was arrested. Moreover, it was no empty formality. He went straight to the city jail and occupied a cell. He was charged with a misdemeanor. For three weeks he had been impersonating upon the stage one of the sublimest of world characters, the Nazarene in the Passion



Otto Sarony Co.

HENRY LUDLOWE

As King Richard III at the Bijou Theatre

(Continued on page ix)





Copyright Byron, N. Y. MRS. GEORGE GOULD AND KYRLE BELLEW IN "MRS. VAN VECHTEN'S DIVORCE DANCE" AT THE PLAZA

Society Leaders in Plays and Tableaux

THE staging of plays and presenting of tableaux vivants as society functions is as old as history itself. Lovely woman has posed since the world began, fully conscious that in no place is her beauty seen to better advantage than in the glare of the limelight. Rome celebrated her weddings and state ceremonies by elaborate pageants, France adopted the measured dance with masks, in England flourished the splendid spectacles furnished by Ben Jonson. Queen Elizabeth gave the performances her royal sanction and the court at Whitehall had a special stage for such entertainments. As the magnificence began to cloy the society of the court, the anti-masque was introduced with greater demands on the histrionic powers of the actors. This gradually called for professional talent and My Lord and Lady were relegated to the audience where they posed in tiers of boxes.

But lovely woman, thus crowded out of the limelight, began to worry how she could regain the center of the stage, and suddenly she bethought herself of sweet Charity which has ever covered a multitude of schemes. It is very fashionable, nowadays, in England for society women to pose in tableaux, and the fad is rapidly spreading to this side of the Atlantic.

The Americans are a play-loving people and several of the handsome Fifth avenue homes possess a private stage with all the accessories necessary. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has perhaps the cosiest and prettiest little playhouse of any of the private homes. Mrs. Abram Hewitt of Lexington avenue also has a private theatre in her residence in which only recently several French playlets were acted most successfully. Many of the clubhouses and hotels also have very creditable stages. The grounds of the clubhouse at Tuxedo Park have formed a charming setting upon which Ben Greet and company enacted Shakespeare's woodland

plays for Tuxedo society. Musicians, monologuists and sleight-of-hand performers are in high favor as after-dinner entertainers among the social set and there are several agencies that supply many of these special performers every evening.

This year has been especially prodigal in its production of masques and tableaux vivants among the society women of New York. It began when Mrs. George Gould, formerly Edith Kingdon and one of the handsomest and most popular among the younger society matrons, appeared on the stage of the Plaza Hotel in a little playlet, "Mrs. Van Vechten's Divorce Dance," given at Mr. Fred Martin's tea. The play was managed and staged by Mr. Frank Connor. Mr. Kyrle Bellew took the rôle of Mr. Van Vechten, Mrs. Francis Pruyn made a very dainty maid and Mrs. George Gould, in a wonderful creation of gray satin embroidered in pearls with a sweeping train of point lace, made a startlingly beautiful Mrs. Van Vechten. Indeed, the setting and costuming of these private theatricals is often the professional's admiration and despair, for no expense is spared and no scenic triumph of the artist's creation beyond their reach.

Following Mr. Martin's tea came the ball given at the Waldorf-Astoria by Mrs. John Jacob Astor for which Mrs. Astor secured Arnold Daly and the Berkeley Lyceum company to give two one-act plays before the dance began. The plays chosen were "The Van Dyke" and "The Shirkers," in which Mr. Daly had been appearing in the fall, and the scenery from the Lyceum was transferred to the Waldorf for the occasion.

The society débutantes now came to the fore and the Junior League gave one of Jonson's masques, "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," with an ability and historical accuracy that would have done credit not only to their elders in society, but to most pro-

fessionals. Nahan Franko's orchestra furnished some quaint old music and the woodland setting at the end of the Plaza ballroom was most effective. Miss Mary Hasell made a very lovely Venus and the dancing of the Dryads was quite the daintiest thing on the program. After the masque, Lady Elizabeth (Dorothy Tuckerman), Lord Hadington (Charles Butler), the Mistress of the Revels (Margaret Sloane), and other court dignitaries grouped themselves about the stage while a "divertissement—Les Chansons Bergerettes de Weckerlin," consisting of French songs and dances, was given. Nor did the young people stop with these two successful features of the program. The Mistress of the Revels now announced that there would be a comedy enacted for her ladyship, whose scene was laid three hundred years in the future, and forthwith is produced an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." After the performance, as in the days of Elizabeth and James, the masquers mingled with the audience, very attractive in powder and dainty costume.

Next Mrs. Waldorf Astor comes upon the scene, her heart stirred by the suffering of the poor mountaineers of her native Virginia and her enthusiasm aroused by the thought suggested by the performance of Mrs. Gould. She constituted herself Mistress of the Revels and her popularity, together with a sincere appeal for the cause, brought to her side many assistants and much hearty co-operation, with the result that one of the most notable performances ever given was produced last month at the Plaza Hotel. The affair was not only a success financially—the proceeds netting \$10,000 for the charity—but a triumph socially and artistically. The subjects for the pictures were taken from the masterpieces of the old artists and with the money, time and talent expended upon them, and the fact that the most beautiful women in New York took part in them, it is no marvel that they were exceptionally fine. The posing was superintended by Julian Mitchell and by the artists Charles Barron, William Metcalf and Prince Troubetskoy. Richard Barthelemy composed original music, which Nahan Franko and his orchestra rendered effectively. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was present with many helpful suggestions and Mme. Lina Cavalieri of the Metropolitan Opera

Company personally applied the make-up for those posing in the tableaux. Mrs. Clarence Mackay was in charge of a dozen young women who sold the dainty pink and gray programs.

The tableaux were fairly dazzling with their visions of beauty, their wealth of jewels and display of wonderful gems. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as Romney's Lady Hamilton and as Thaïs, was one of the most beautiful of the evening; Mrs. William Payne Thompson as Mme. Récamier was also most picturesque, and Miss Edith Deacon made a very striking Carmencita by Sargent. Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, as an Oriental Queen, typified the costliness of the entertainment; on her head was a huge crown of diamonds, from ear to ear swung nine ropes of pearls, and over the ears were great disks of jewels. Perhaps no artist has ever graced the stage with an attire that represented the fortune comprised in this costume; with its background of scarlet velvet the figure presented a glittering picture. The sensation of the evening, and that which furnished headlines for the newspapers, was the appearance of Mrs. James Eustis as Flaubert's heroine, Salambo, with a live boa constrictor coiled about her neck and body.

After the tableaux were groupings to represent the dances of different periods and races, and a very graceful Oriental dance by Mrs. Howard Cushing. Following the dances came a very clever little pantomime in three acts, written by the Marquis de Mazzacorati, enacted by Mrs. Waldorf Astor and Mr. Lydig Hoyt, who were drilled in the steps and gestures by Romeo Francioli, ballet master of the Metropolitan.

The last of the past month's society theatricals were those given in the private playhouse of Mrs. Abram Hewitt. Two French plays were presented, De Maupassant's "Histoire de Vieux Temps," in verse, and "La Quête à Domicile" by Verconsin. Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt and the Vicomte de Périgny took the two parts in the De Maupassant play, while in the second were Miss Belle Gurnee, Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, the Vicomte de Périgny and Mr. Crane. The plays were staged under the direction of Ernest Perrin of the Cercle Dramatique Français of New York. Between the plays, a costume dance was given by Miss Eleanor Hewitt and Mrs. Frederick S. Weeks.

VIRGINIA FRAME.





The Paris Opera House under the management of its new directors, M. Broussan, M. Lagarde and M. André Messager, opened its doors January 27th last with a performance of Gounod's "Faust." The production of the well-known opera had almost the interest of a novelty from the fact that several important changes had been made in the setting of the scenes and also in the costuming of the principal characters, an attempt having been made to reconstitute with legendary correctness the costumes of the period. As will be seen from the accompanying photographs, Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles appeared in a garb so entirely different as to be almost unrecognizable.

Gounod's "Faust" Presented in a New Dress

THE appropriation of a million francs (\$243,000) by the French Chamber last year for repairing and making certain changes in the Paris Grand Opera House, and the favor with which the expenditure of this large sum of money for the purpose designated by the music lovers of the French capital, goes to show in what high estimation the opera is held in France. In fact it is a question if the Milanese love their Scala more than the Parisians do their magnificent Opera House, and this love for music of the higher class is not confined to the well-to-do, as can be attested to by a visit any night to the opera, where the lower-priced seats will be seen to be well patronized.

The new plans for the Opera House called for the resignation, or retirement, at his own request, and upon a liberal pension of the distinguished M. Gailhard, and the appointment in his place of three managers, M. Broussan, formerly director of the Lyons Opera House; M. André Messager, the eminent composer, and

M. Pierre Lagarde, a well-known Paris artist and critic, who will have charge of the stage, scenery and accessories. M. Marius Gabion continues in charge of the administrative affairs, and to him falls much of the responsibility.

The Opera House has been thoroughly overhauled and many changes made, chief among which are the remodeling of the celebrated buffet, a part of which is converted into a bar, on the order of the American style, much in favor now in Paris,—long counter with high stools for its patrons. Another feature in the buffet is the sale of light edibles, such as cold meats, soft drinks and salads. Electric call-bells have been installed in all the boxes, and ices and light refreshments can be had without the operagoer leaving his or her seat. A shortening of the time of intermission between acts is hoped to be reached by this new departure of the management, as it will obviate the going out for refreshments and the delays incidental thereto. The re-decorating has been



M. MURATORE AS FAUST



MME. HATTO AS MARGUERITE



M. DELMAS AS MEPHISTOPHELES



Nat Goodwin

Diva Marolda

Wallace McCutcheon, Jr.

Edna Goodrich

SCENE IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S DRAMA "THE EASTERNER" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

carried out upon a more magnificent scale than ever before. The season opened on January 27 last with Gounod's immortal "Faust," which will be followed by Rameau's best creation, "Hippolyte and Arcia," a revival of the old French school of opera. This opera has not been heard in Paris since the closing years of the eighteenth century. Then Wagner's "Crépuscule des Dieux" will be produced for a few weeks, and during April and May there will be a season of Russian opera.

The production of "Faust" presented particular interest owing to the innovations of stage settings, costumes and "business" introduced by the new management. An attempt had been made to make a radical departure from tradition, and costume the characters with legendary accuracy. For example, Mephistopheles, instead of making his usual sensational entrance in scarlet tights, amid smoke and flame through a trap door in the floor, walks in very quietly at the door attired in sober black. Marguerite and Faust likewise were dressed in a manner entirely different to that to which the operagoing public has grown accustomed. In the first act, instead of Faust seeing Marguerite in a vision spinning

her wheel, he sees her walking through a lovely garden, her hands filled with flowers. The triumphant march through the gates of the city of the victorious troops was also presented in more elaborate fashion, adding to the spectacular importance of the scene.

The new management will have under it over seven hundred people, which, with the heating, lighting, and the many etceteras, calls for an annual expenditure of nearly five million francs, close on to a million dollars. Carried continually on the pay-rolls of the opera are one hundred choristers at a yearly outlay of forty thousand dollars; one hundred and ten musicians for the orchestras at fifty thousand dollars, eighty singers at two hundred and ten thousand dollars, one hundred supers at four thousand dollars, a ballet, probably the finest in Europe, of one hundred and fifty people at seventy-five thousand dollars, and two hundred stage hands, carpenters, ushers, etc., to whom is dispensed in salaries upwards of seventy thousand dollars.

All this money comes out of the pocket of the taxpayer, but it is money well invested. It educates the public, cultivates a love for music, and fosters French musical genius. CHARLES DORAN.



THE THREE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S NEW TRAGEDY "THE SHIP"

"The Ship," Gabriele D'Annunzio's Latest Tragedy

"LA NAVE" ("The Ship"), poetic tragedy by Gabriele D'Annunzio, produced for the first time on January 11 last in the Teatro Argentina, Rome, is in a prelude and three episodes. Music especially composed plays a prominent part in it, and neither pains nor cost were spared to make the costumes and stage settings absolutely correct historically.

The scene is laid at the time when the Goths were invading Europe. The personages of the play have been driven from their former home, and are building a new city. The prologue shows them at work on the unfinished Basilica. Orso Faledra, the former tribune, has been deposed as a traitor, and with four of

his sons blinded. He awaits the return of his eldest son to avenge the family, and of his daughter, Basiliola, who has gone to beg the aid of the Emperor of

Byzantium. Two ships are seen approaching; one brings the brothers Sergio and Marco Gratico, heads of the party now in power, the other Basiliola, who, as she lands, so impresses the populace with her beauty that they acclaim her, although the Deaconess Ema, mother of the Gratico brothers, realizes the dangerous power of her beauty, and curses her from the threshold of the Basilica.

The scene of the first episode is the "Fossa Fuia," a ditch filled with prisoners. At the right is Marco Gratico's house. The prisoners cry out for food and hurl imprecations upon Basiliola, as an enemy of mankind, cruel and implacable. She comes on the scene, and peers down at them as they cry out, some pleading for death at her hands, one telling her that it was he who blinded her youngest and favorite



GROUP OF SAILORS



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, COUNT DI SAN MARTINO, AND
SIGNOR FALENA, DIRECTOR OF THE TEATRO ARGENTINA



DEATH OF THE BISHOP



Bangs

EMMA JANVIER

Playing Mrs. Tilford in "Fifty Miles from Boston." Recently seen in "The Spring Chicken."

Sarony

LUCILE WATSON

As Laura Herriad in "Her Sister." Last season with Miss Barrymore in "Captain Jinks."

Marceau, Boston

KEITH WAKEMAN

Played Portia with Mr. Ludlowe. Was Otis Skinner's leading woman in "The Duel."

Stein, Milwaukee

JANE PEYTON

Appearing as Phyllis Dagmar in "The Worth of a Woman." Lately seen in "The Three of Us."

brother. Then a monk appears, and accuses her of having come to bring destruction on them all. She flies into a rage, and is trying to kill him when Marco Gratico comes out and prevents her. She then sets out to fascinate him, and succeeds fully.

The second episode shows the atrium of the Basilica, where Basiliola sits at a banquet with the other brother, Sergio, the bishop. She dances a most voluptuous dance, half nude, and the populace, excited by wine, cheer her madly. Marco suddenly comes on the scene, and Basiliola excites the brothers to anger, and they fight, the bishop armed only with the sacred sword of the church, Marco with a rude knife. After a short, fierce contest, Sergio falls, and Marco, furious with Basiliola, has her bound to the altar just as shouts of the people outside announce the arrival of her brother.

The third act shows a great ship ready for launching. Marco has overcome the last adherents of the Faledra party. Basiliola is still bound to the altar upon which the iron that is to blind her is heating. The Deaconess Ema gives orders for this act, but so great is the effect of the woman's beauty that no one can raise a hand against her. Marco is about to depart on the ship for a

pilgrimage to expiate his brother's murder. Basiliola calls to him and begs to be taken with him, declaring that she will be a faithful comrade. He finally consents, whereupon she bends over the altar, inhales the flames, and falls dead. Marco orders her to be covered with shields as an honor, and the curtain falls just as the great ship is launched.

The work was received by the public with demonstrations of approval, but the critics are less enthusiastic. A writer in the *Avanti*, Rome, says:

"This D'Annunzio tragedy is full of the same vertiginous sensuality as the others which we already know; in it are the same spirit of destruction animated by a woman, the same abysses of cruelty and luxury. The idea of the glorification of a race and the conquest of the sea is but superimposed upon this invariable theme." A writer for the *Nuova Antologia* says: "The ship, which was to be the grand theme of the tragedy, is superseded upon the appearance of Basiliola. Terrible in their loves and hates, Marco and Sergio Gratico yet are not of heroic stature. Basiliola incarnates the corruption of Byzantium, and is rather a pathological function than a woman."

R. S.



Bangs

FRED ERIC

Now appearing in "The Jesters" with Maude Adams. Recently in "Sappho and Phaon."

Sarony

WILL WEST

Clever English comedian in "Miss Hook of Holland." Also appeared in "The Little Cherub."

White

ERIC MATORIN

Another successful English comedian, who is appearing with Maxine Elliott in "Myself Bettina."

Bangs

ROBERT WARWICK

Leading man with Katherine Grey. Last season with Mary Mannerin in "Glorious Betsy."



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JEAN PIERIER AS PELLEAS



GOLAND SLAYS PELLEAS



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HECTOR DUFRANNE AS GOLAND

"Pelleas et Melisande"

CLAUDE DEBUSSY'S lyric drama "Pelleas et Melisande" has had performance in America. It was given at the Manhattan Opera House on February 19, 1908, for the first time here. And let us unburden our conscience by admitting that in producing this work in America Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has not only proven how faithfully he is deter-

Hammerstein. It is honestly meant as a review of "Pelleas et Melisande" and its production at the Manhattan Opera House; but there is reason enough to put the cart before the horse, or the producer before the produced; therefore is it reasonable to praise Oscar Hammerstein before exalting the work.

"Pelleas et Melisande" is not sensational — therefore Oscar Hammerstein could not have hoped to reap a sensational reward by its production; it is not a sop to the ears of the masses, attuned as they are to melody and again melody — therefore he could not hope for a public success; and it is an expensive production, as such things go — therefore he could not expect to reap a financial benefit. In these days it is not easy to attribute to an opera manager motives of artistic philanthropy; but by process of elimination there remains no other reason save that of sheer artistic ambition; so let the guiding spirit of the Manhattan Opera House be freely credited with this.

And now the work itself. There never has been anything like it in music. It is ancient history how Wagner dumped all the old operatic tricks into the bin of oblivion and how he created a new art form for the stage. The culmination of his theories and practices is to be heard in "Tristan und Isolde" and in "Parsifal." With Wagner it was a comparatively slow and tedious process, for he had so many of the old traditions to shed; but, about a quarter of a century after Wagner is dead and at a time when his most intricate works are accepted as conclusively logical by the

determined to keep his promise to the opera public, made at the beginning of the season, but he has also reached the highest artistic mark in his career as opera impresario.

The bringing of "Pelleas et Melisande" to this country was not merely the importing of a new opera. It is not an opera, nor is it a music drama. It is a work—which its composer calls a "lyric drama"—that to the ear of the multitude must appear absolutely formless musically. In no outward scene is it a sensational work; nor is the mystic intangibility of Maeterlinck's drama—which underlies or dominates (as you please)—in any way a dramatic thing which appeals to the public.

In its own artistic home, Paris, where the names of Maeterlinck and Debussy are ones to conjure with, it took years for this work to gain foothold. And yet Oscar Hammerstein had the temerity to bring this work across the water into a city of opera that craves Italian tunefulness and only tolerates Wagner—into a city that is famous for its coolness toward novelties.

This is not meant to be a sermon, nor is it intended sheerly as a crown of verbal laurel to be placed upon the head of Oscar



From *Le Théâtre*

PELLEAS AND MELISANDE IN THE GARDEN



GOLAND ATTACKS MELISANDE

great masses, along comes Debussy and knocks into a cocked hat nearly all the theories of music and of the stage by composing "Pelleas et Melisande."

This is not meant to imply that Debussy is a greater man than Wagner—that would be sheerly idiotic to assert now; nor is it intended to provoke a comparison between "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Tristan und Isolde," or between the former and "Parsifal." There can be no comparison, for they are vitally different works, the opposite in theory and in results. Wagner preached and believed that a union of the arts of music and drama were possible—a perfect union, of course, in which neither the singer nor the orchestra should have the advantage, but that the two should be merged into the whole. Debussy, instead of attempting to step into the artistic shoes of Wagner, has clearly given precedence to the dramatic word, whether sung or spoken, and he has subdued the importance of music to the furnishing of background of mood for the stage action. To this end he has worked with absolute freedom, discarding conventions and rules in a manner that will make the Philistine cringe and compel his ear to curl up in dismay and distrust.

But Debussy has done this so successfully that no reasonable doubt of the greatness of the work can exist in the minds of serious and intelligent listeners. If you listen to this music with the hope of studying it you will soon find that your ear has entered a hopelessly intricate maze, one in which the rules of the teaching text books are splintered at every other measure; and if you are brave and luckless enough to attempt to encompass this work by plodding through the piano score then you will soon become convinced that this is not music at all. But Debussy did not compose the work for the piano, he wrote it for a modern orchestra with its numberless possibilities for "color" and for mood painting.

And after hearing this lyric drama—not once, if you please, but several times—you will doff your hat and admit that whether you like it or loathe it, it is a great work. And it is a great work artistically because it achieves that which it sets out to do. More than that no art work can do.

Except during the intervals of scene changes, when the curtain is lowered, the orchestra is seldom uppermost in the listener's ear. During these moments it speaks alone, but its voice is that of a mood-compelling medium. It does not deal graphically with the incident that has preceded nor does it foreshadow the scene that is about to be enacted. It is just and sheerly mood. The Wagnerites will point with pride that one of these episodes sounds as though it were freely based upon the march of the knights of the Holy Grail in "Parsifal"; and at still another point there is a suggestion of an exotic bit that is now to be heard in "Madama Butterfly"—for "Pelleas et Melisande" was composed before "Madama Butterfly." Single moments hark back to "Tristan" and the keenly reminiscent ear may find distant hints of "Siegfried." But it is more than likely that these are accidental for Debussy has not aped Wagner. He has so entirely pronounced



From *L'Art du Théâtre*
MARY GARDEN AS MELISANDE

himself antagonistic to that school of theories in that he has practically abandoned the whole scheme of "Motif." There are a few motives in this work—that is, you may force them to



From *Le Théâtre*, Paris

THE DEATH OF MELISANDE

represent certain characters or incidents, but you cannot prove this logically throughout, as you can in Wagner, who made his orchestra tell the action as much as do the singers.

To sum up, then, "Pelleas et Melisande" is without melody, without leading motives—strictly speaking and according to the Wagnerian understanding of these—and almost without song. Save for a short bit, sung by Melisande at the opening of the third act, there is no incident in the work that comes nearer to singing than chanting. But the orchestration is so skilful that the spoken or chanted word carries through and sounds above the instrumental background. The music merely frames the word, it does not express it. And, as around each phrase there is woven a musical spell of mood, so about the whole there exists a charm of mystery, induced by this strange and exotic music—or, if you refuse to admit that it is music at all—then call it all a halo of sounds.

It is so subtly and artistically done that it compels the mood of the listener who is willing to be compelled. The rest of the audience is not to be reckoned with anyway, for they are of a class that refuse too to fall under the spell of "Tristan." It is an exquisite bit of writing, is "Pelleas et Melisande." If it be the beginning of a school or the end of a musical epoch—if it be an accidental happening of artistic moods or if it be the result of Debussy's studies and theories—all these points are for the future to determine. For the present it is enough to acknowledge that it is an inspired work.

And finally, the performance. Oscar Hammerstein insured the artistic success of the performance by importing solely for this work two artists from the Paris Opéra Comique, namely, Messrs. Dufranne and Perier. So there appeared on the Manhattan Opera stage the four principals who had sung and acted in the Paris première of this work, namely, Mary Garden, Gerville-Réache, Hector Dufranne and Jean Perier. Mary Garden, as Melisande, was marvelous. She acted the part exquisitely, reflecting that quality of untold mystery that is needed for a convincing portrayal of Maeterlinck's heroine. It is decidedly the best work she has done here. Perier was the Pelleas, and vocally he was disappointing, or he would have been had he been called upon to sing any conventional music; but here he chanted dramatically and proved himself to be an excellent actor. Hector Dufranne is an acquisition. He has a voice of rare beauty and he controls it like an artist. His appearance and his personality are commanding, and as Golaud he was admirable. Gerville-Réache was ex-

cellent as Genevieve, and Arimondi made an impressive Arkel bent with age and mellowed by years. Sigrist sang the part of Little Ynold and she was disappointing in size and in voice.

The stage pictures were beautiful, and the many handlings of the scenery were accomplished in a manner that reflected great credit upon the stage manager. Mr. Campanini conducted in a finished way that rejected criticism and invited praise. He had labored over this difficult score but a short time, yet he proved himself master of it at the first performance. The orchestra was satisfying in effects of detail and ensemble, and the whole performance was marked by an "atmosphere" that is so rarely achieved in an opera house.

The New York opera public at least owes it to their artistic conscience to see this remarkable work; and it also owes it to Oscar Hammerstein that it has had the opportunity granted it. The least this public can do is to show appreciation.



Copyright Aimé Dupont
OLIVE FREMSTADT AS ISOLDE

leads, the singer is entirely at ease, for he never "covers" the voice. And yet, when the orchestra is speaking alone, it rises to heights that are huge in their dramatic sweep and importance.

The "Siegfried" performance was particularly happy, for the conductor read poetry into the second act that so frequently escapes other leaders of men and musicians. In the second performance of this work the tenor Carl Burrian made his re-entry of the present season. He sang with a fine appreciation of the dramatic possibilities of this rôle and he did not overact it in the least. Altogether he showed a vast improvement over his work last season.

Still another incident that craves mention is that Miss Farrar sang, for the first time here, the rôle of Violetta in "La Traviata." Miss Farrar is not a coloratura soprano, so a lot of the delicate embroideries with which Verdi has ornamented this rôle were not brought fully to hearing; but in the dramatic episodes Miss Farrar proved herself an unusual artist, singing beautifully and acting excellently.

At the Manhattan Opera House Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" was revived, doubtless to please the voice and wishes of Tetzrini.

X. Y. Z.



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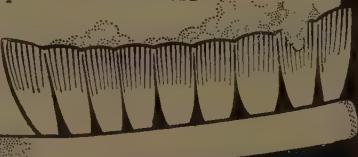
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A Unique Entertainment

Miss Jennie Mannheimer, director of the Cincinnati School of Expression, is repeating the season the success that for the last few years has attended her play recitals. The most recent addition to her repertoire is the H. Davies' comedy, "Cousin Kate," in which Ethel Barrymore appeared. It is a unique entertainment in every way, and, being well done, should become popular.

Last year Miss Mannheimer made a great hit with her reading of the novel, "The Lion and the Mouse," Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow, and also with Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann." Miss Mannheimer has been singularly successful in this almost unique form of entertainment. The *Times-Star* of Cincinnati says of her: "The dramatic reading of Zangwill's 'Merely Mary Ann' by the gifted actress Miss Mannheimer, was something unique and charming as to itself, and highly suggestive from an artistic point of view. Miss Mannheimer gave the story with admirable talent in all ways. Her tone carried, her enunciation was pure and round as a pearl, her voice color was suited to the characters portrayed, and, taken for all that, it was entertaining in a high degree. There is a wide suggestiveness in this way of dealing with dramatic literature. If novels are to be dramatized, why should not the process be reversed and our dramas given us abridged and in story form? Miss Mannheimer is abundantly endowed with that highest of all desiderata for a public entertainer, magnetism, and whatever the emotion to be conveyed, she carries it to the listener's innermost heart as along currents of electric power. There is no reason why she should not attain national fame."

Miss Mannheimer's art appeals to all audiences—to students, and to the general public that seeks the higher forms of recreation. Her success in Carnegie Hall, New York, in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, in London and New York drawing rooms, with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, in Albany, Rochester, Erie, Pittsburgh, Peoria, Lexington, New Orleans and her home, Cincinnati, justifies the belief that she is adding a chapter to the history of the Art of Reading. Her fascinating method of telling stories creates the impression that one is seeing a play by a company of fine actors.

"You are a nuisance and should be put off the sidewalk," said a man to a ticket speculator who accosted him in front of a Broadway theatre.

"My business is just as legitimate as yours. What is your business?" was the response. "Burglary."—*N. Y. Herald*.

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"There's a Reason," Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in *Wells*.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

P. J. W., Monmouth Beach, N. J.—Q.—Please give the cast for the London production of "My Wife." A.—Gerald Eversleigh, Aubrey Smith; Hon. Gibson Gore, A. E. Mathews; M. Dupre, Fred Lewis; Rene Falandes, Marsh Allen; Head Waiter, Philip Kron; Miriam Hawthorne, Millie Legarde; Mme. Dupre, Joy Chetwyn, and Trixie Marie Loew.

A Kentuckian and M. E. B.—Please give a sketch of Robert Warwick's career. A.—He began as a professional church and concert singer, and at the age of twenty had acquired some local reputation along these lines in San Francisco, Cal. He then went to Paris to study singing, and worked with Sbriglia, Victor Maurel and Jacques Bouhy for five years. Doubting the prospect of sufficient ultimate success along this line to warrant his continuing, he returned to America and resolved to adopt the dramatic profession. He had an interview with Clyde Fitch, and was given a small part in that author's play, "Glad Of It." His next rôle was in "The Kuling Power," with Katherine Kennedy. Then followed six months with Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." Then he played the Gibson man in "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Next he played the lead in Paul Armstrong's "Blue Grass," then was leading man for Percy Haswell in Baltimore. Here he appeared in the first production of "The Road to Yesterday," or, as it was then called, "A Midsummer's Eve." After a short engagement in a stock company, he became leading man for Mary Manning in "Glorious Betsy," and is at present leading man for Katherine Grey, having been on the stage just four years. Q.—Have you ever published a picture of him? A.—Besides this number, June and November, 1907. Q.—Is the play "Jeanne D'Arc" presented by Miss Marlowe printed, and who are the publishers? A.—Yes; write for it to this office.

J. M. A.—Q.—When does Julia Marlowe open her New York season? A.—In March in a play called "Gloria." Q.—Where? A.—Lyric Theatre. Q.—In what company is Adele Bloch this season? A.—She was with "Sappho and Phaon" October 21.

M. A. D.—Q.—What part did Elsie Moore take in "The Earl and the Girl" in 1905? A.—George Caine's part, Elfin Hay.

R. F. D.—Q.—Which actor or actress received the vote of popularity the last time? A.—If you are alluding to the voting contest of the Actors' Fund Fair last May, the most popular actress was voted to be Bonita, in private life Mrs. Weiss.

H. G.—Q.—In what play is James Young at present? A.—Mr. Young has left the stage, having gone into the gold mining business in California, and is said to be making a fortune. Q.—Where can I get a picture of the chorus of "The Student King" with Lina Abarbanel? A.—Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city.

H. L., S. C. J. and A Kentuckian—Henry Woodruff was born in Jersey City in 1870. First stage appearance at nine years of age, in 14th Street Theatre in the chorus of a children's "Pinafore" company. Soon promoted to the rôle of the Boatswain, then Ralph Rackstraw. Played boys' parts with Adelaide Neilson. Was for some time a member of the late A. M. Palmer's stock company at Madison Square Theatre, this city. Played the title rôle in "Ben Hur," for the last two seasons starred in "Brown of Harvard." Q.—Where can I get the book "Brown of Harvard"? A.—Any book store. Q.—"The Boys of Co. B"? A.—Write Mr. Arnold Daly. J. L. W. S.—Q.—Who is Sothern's leading woman this season? A.—Florence Reed.

G. D. M.—Q.—In what play is Maude Adams now appearing? A.—"The Jesters," an adaptation from the French.

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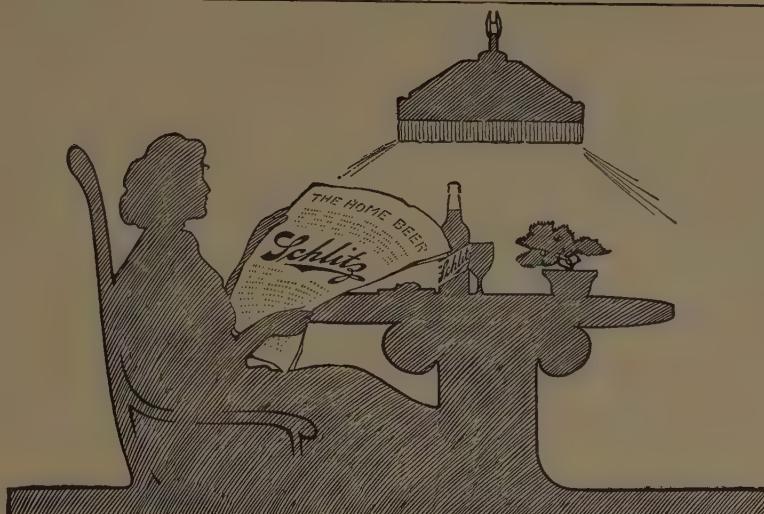
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Dramatic Students Graduate

At the Empire Theatre, New York, on March 12 were held the Graduation Exercises of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Diplomas were awarded to the thirty-five members of the graduating class. To Miss Herndon Kearns, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was awarded the David Belasco Gold Medal for General Excellence; Anne Du-Bignon of Philadelphia, Pa., received the David Belasco Silver Medal for Technical Skill, and Horace Herold Porter of Baltimore, Md., a gold medal founded by Mrs. Esther Herrman for Earnestness and Progress. Addresses were delivered by Mr. William H. Crane, Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, Miss Anna Warren Story, and others. Mr. Crane spoke in part as follows:

"I know that with my long experience, both as actor and manager of a company, you would rather have me tell you how to make use of the benefits that you have derived from the course of study that you have gone through. Some years ago, I was placed in a similar position that I am to-day. I heard good advice given to the Graduating Class; I heard them told that they had now become full-fledged actors and actresses, and suggested that possibly they would like me to talk about opportunity, which met with an instant shout of approval. Of course, as you all know, the opportunities are governed greatly by circumstances and conditions.

"I am often asked—how did you begin, you had a start. I must tell you frankly that my dramatic beginning was really an accident. When I was a young man, I was the possessor of a strong, sonorous, baritone voice. I joined an opera company, composed of young people, who afterwards played dramas, comedies, musical pieces, etc. But my first experience in a dramatic way came in the town of Williamsport, Pa. I must tell you that up to this time, I had never been away from the theatre, no matter whether I was engaged or not; I used to sit in the front entrance watching the performance, so that I really knew all the pieces that they did by heart. In Williamsport, there was rather a good sale for that night, when the son of the manager, who was the comedian, was taken very ill, at six o'clock. The doctor had said it would be absolutely impossible for him to appear. They did not know what to do; there promised to be a very good house, and in this emergency I timidly suggested that I thought I could speak the lines. The manager said, 'but we have no part.' I said: 'I don't want a part.' 'We cannot give you a rehearsal!' I said, 'I don't want a rehearsal!' He looked at me pityingly, and his wife said: 'If he thinks he can do it, why not let him?' He replied therewith the encouraging remark: 'Do you want the boy killed?' The manager walked out of the room, refusing to discuss it. However, I did play; I got the same laughs that the comedian did, the piece seemed to go just the same, because I had watched it so carefully that I knew every gesture and every word. The same thing happened the following night. Then the young man recovered somewhat, resumed his characters, and I became an attentive listener in the front entrance once more; but he had a relapse, and died within a week, so then his wardrobe was all made to fit me, and I became a comedian whether I wanted to be or not. Of course, I cannot advise any of my friends of this school, who wish to be comedians, to wait for some one to die. I can only say to the young people who are graduates to-day, that in selecting the line of business they choose to follow, they should consider their temperamental and physical fitness first, and cultivate their studies under that line.

"Try to get into a good company, with a good stage manager, and when you are there, listen, a good listener advances rapidly."

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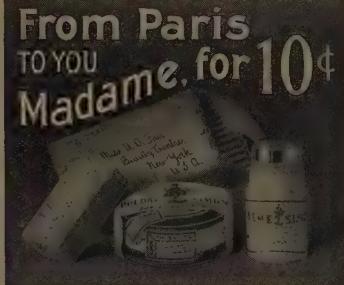
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James O'Neill

(Continued from page 104)

Play. He had portrayed the character of Jesus Christ. This the California laws construed as a misdemeanor. After two hours in jail he received bail and was fined fifty dollars.

At first the actor had been reluctant to undertake the rôle. He prophesied defeat and ignominy. He even spoke of the still existent vigilantes. He invoked the sentiment of his connection with the Roman Catholic Church. He gave his two weeks' notice. But the author was tearfully persistent. He asserted that if Mr. O'Neill did not play it another actor would, that it was not in his power to prevent the so-called sacrilege. The subtle author carelessly opened the first leaf of his play and showed thereon the written endorsement of an archbishop then at the head of the Jesuit Order in the United States. Seeing which the churchman yielded.

What storm the production of the Passion Play provoked! How its waves beat upon the doors of the Baldwin Theatre! What vitriolic words were spoken! The star had to be restrained from horsewhipping the earnest divine who shouted from his pulpit: "Imagine, my hearers, the sacred last words of our Master falling from the infamous lips of James O'Neill, an actor." One follower of the meek and lowly Galilean called upon Deity to hurl a deadly bolt at the head of the "blasphemous one."

"It was that hot," said Mr. O'Neill, the plaintive note in his voice the echo of the storm of that time, "Henry E. Abbey proposed to bring the play to New York. He brought me here at a salary of five hundred a week for six months to play the rôle. Then the preachers began fulminating and the newspapers interviewed everybody, and Abbey got cold feet."

"When did 'Monte Cristo' come to own you?"

Mr. O'Neill smiled. "It does own me, body and soul. That was not until after I had played with A. M. Palmer's Union Square Stock Company for two years." He stopped. Deep in his throat was the laughter of reminiscence. "It was a magnificent company. The members had all been amazed at the engagement of a western actor, a prairie bird, they called me. They wondered what I could do with the part of the cripple in 'The Two Orphans,' which F. F. Mackay had played for one hundred and eighty nights. But the public accepted me. I played it on different lines than Mr. Mackay's, making the pathos of the cripple's suffering the dominant note. The public accepted me."

"And 'Monte Cristo'?"

"John Stetson had talked of starring me in various plays. I hadn't liked any of them. 'What will you do then?' I said, impatiently. 'I will try to get Fechter's version of "Monte Cristo,"' I said, 'and manage myself.' I have a Fechter's version in my desk at Boston. I will have you open in that.' 'Now,' said I, 'you're talking business.'

"When I arrived from San Francisco after my long engagement with the stock company there, Mr. Stetson had billed the play and myself, and I had time only for three rehearsals. I begged him to postpone the opening for a week, but he said he couldn't. 'I know all the newspaper boys, and will tell them that you had only three rehearsals,' he promised. 'They will understand and overlook crudities.' But on the opening night he was busy and forgot. The next morning the papers were severe. One friend of mine on the press dismissed us with three lines. 'Monte Cristo' was produced last night. James O'Neill is not big enough to play Edmond Dantes.' The critics were right that time. I was bad. I knew it. But I got at the play with hammer and tongs. I rehearsed all day in my rooms. By the end of the week the play was going well. The public saved the life of the play. 'Monte Cristo' ran for ten weeks in New York. Then we went to Boston. Boston may be called the home of 'Monte Cristo.' It always liked the play, still like it. John Stetson and I, looking over his old books, discovered that for twelve years at an average of twenty-two weeks a year it had earned \$7,600 a week. And this, when the prices were a dollar and a dollar and a half. That was before the two-dollar day. I don't believe that a higher charge should be made for admission to any play."

Mr. O'Neill has been playing the Count of Monte Cristo for twenty-four years. He has appeared in it 5,100 times. It has earned for him \$800,000.

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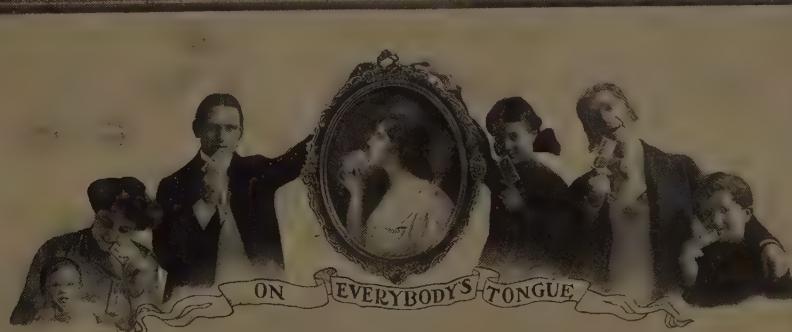
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THE TRUNK WITH THE GUARANTEE

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 91)

academic question. He will be played, but he is not for that public which wishes to be entertained at the theatre. We do not say amused, for one can spend a delightful evening at the theatre with an emotional frog in his throat. Touch the heart and you entertain people, in a way amuse them; but forgery and blackmailing and brutality in a husband, wrong-headedness in a wife, including the abandonment of children, the curtain falling upon the woman going Nowhere, is not an entertainment. If it is, it is an academic entertainment, and for the students of the commentators of Ibsen. The interest is extraneous, *ex post facto*. Ibsen's plays afford preliminary entertainment in the discussions between knowing people before they go to the theatre and afterwards in the literary clubs and at the pink teas, where he is again discussed. He may afford entertainment on a yacht when you are tired of fishing and need a little mental exercise. He is enjoyable in some dark corner of the club when you want to draw the professor out. He is all right when you are up in the air, but not when you touch earth. He is powerful and soul-stirring. Touch wood. He might afford a pleasant theme for a whole lifetime, if you conveniently made it your business to spend a year in Norway, Sweden and Denmark studying social conditions there. We freely admit that he is the big stick of the drama. His children are always legitimate, but they are not the products of love. Ibsen, we cheerfully concede, is a great man at all hours in the day except between 8 and 11:30 P. M. We respectfully submit these simple but not intentionally modest or unassuming observations to Mme. Komisarzhevsky. Madame, we do not understand Ibsen. You do. Ibsen is great, and there can be no reasonable doubt that any one who understands him is also great. You are pleasing; Ibsen is not, God rest his soul! To play him in the Russian language is to perform the last obsequies and final memorial services over him in America. It ends him along with Fru Linde and Nils Krogstad. As a matter of instruction to professionals, in no appreciable degree to the general public, these performances have a value. The actor can get profit from them when the casual spectator can see nothing. Much is visible to the professional eye only, which can discern details of stage management and of acting. The theatre-going public, however, can only be reached through its emotions, and every deficiency in the means employed, which of right and of essence belong to a performance, detracts from the full impression. A man who is blind and deaf is not a first nighter. People cannot be brought into the theatre even by force if they can find no enjoyment there. Acting is the art of expression in various forms, and no play is complete without the words. Without words a play is a skeleton, its natural smile having come off. It is without resemblance to the living form. If one does not understand the play itself, not a sentence in it, and not a syllable in it, practically all the resources of enjoyment are denied. A play is not a play until it lives on the stage equipped with all its functions and giving pleasure, sometimes in its highest degree, in some freighted syllable. The whole soul may be put into a syllable and its utterance. Of what use if one is not permitted to enjoy a play with his mind, his heart, his intelligence, and with the sense of sight and hearing? It is a distressing contradiction of common sense to present a play in a language utterly unknown to its audience. If any language could be absolutely incomprehensible to an American it is the Russian. Neither by ear nor eye can he get within measurable distance of it. It's the vermicular formations in print give him pause. It is uttered and he passes. It is as remote from us as if these people were trying to deliver us a message from Mars. Moreover, the symbols of expression, facial or by way of movement or gesture, are to a very considerable extent local or national. In Germany, if your landlord, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together with a peculiar movement, says to you "Berappen," he is using a form of expression understood by everybody in the fatherland. The sign manual differs in every land, so that even if the Russians were capable of the English language, and were using it even better than it is spoken, still much would be lost to us. Ventures of this kind are wild. Upon what they are based it is difficult to imagine. In some cases the foreign actor may seriously believe that our art is crude, that they will awaken us to an appreciation of something far in advance to us. But even so, if our art were crude, and they excelled in every possible particular, the

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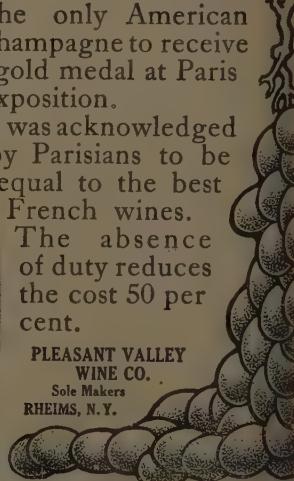
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rude public would enjoy the crude plays simply because they could understand them. It has been announced recently that an American theatre was to be established in Berlin. The humor of this undertaking may not be realized all at once by its promoters. The conquest of Germany by American actors and American plays is far distant.

It was a pity, in many ways, that Mme. Komisarzhevsky did not elect to make her American début as Marrike in "Johannisfeur" rather than as the overexploited Nora, for the impression she made as Sudermann's Calamity Child was a very strong, interesting and appealing one. Here, too, was the element of novelty, for save a few performances at the Deutsches Theatre, the vernacular "The Fires of St. John" had been presented only a limited number of times in Broadway when Nance O'Neill in 1905 produced an English version at Daly's. The play, a most interesting study of Prussian life and its foibles, pursued by fate and circumstance as resistlessly as Orestes, affords fine dramatic opportunity for the actress of resourceful expression. Mme. Komisarzhevsky is a player of wide capacity. The studied calm of the veritable slave of the household was portrayed by her in the earlier scenes with fine pathos, while the abandon demanded at the close of the third act was pictured with an intensity and fervor quite astonishing. Equally touching was the note of forlorn despair sounded at the close. The cast throughout was admirably efficient, and two veritable triumphs of the genre were contributed by Mme. O. P. Narbekoo as the gypsy mother and D. I. Grusinsky as the bumbling farmhand Plotz.

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EMPIRE. "FATHER AND THE BOYS." Comedy in four acts by W. H. Crane. Produced March 1 with this cast:

Samuel Morewood, William H. Crane; William Rufus Morewood, Forrest Orr; Thomas Jefferson Morewood, Robert MacKay; Major Bellamy Didsworth, Fred W. Sidney; Tobias Ford, Percy Brooke; "Tuck" Bartholomew, Dan Collyer; Cal Higbee, Scott Dailey; Mr. Tolton, Gabriel Ravelle; Evans, Harry Dodd; Clerk, Edward Donnelly; Bessie Brayton, Margaret Dale; Emily Donelson, Mary Faber; Frances Berkeley, Ivy Troutman; Mrs. Bruce-Guildford, Marguerite St. John; Mrs. Tromley, Amelia Mayborn; Mrs. Peasley, Adele Clarke.

With "Father and the Boys," Mr. Crane may be said to have returned home. He spent one season in a dilapidated castle in England in a dilapidated play. He spent another season in France trying to do business with the American public. He is now not only at home, but in his only bailiwick and on his own side of the creek. He is here and not there. He is no longer absent in the plays in which he appears. This restoration of Mr. Crane to himself and to us is a matter for rejoicing. Abundant evidence of the pleasure of seeing him again may be witnessed at his every performance of Mr. Ade's play.

Mr. Ade's progress as a playwright is noticeable. His method heretofore has been too obvious a collection of bright sayings made on disconnected occasions, already uttered and current in some other form, and used as material. In order to make this possible, frequent change of locality was indispensable. The details of his material do not always have a natural consistency, for they do not arise out of the natural or artistic process of playwriting. He followed the proper method in "The College Widow," never departing from his theme, and having a simple and consistent story, and he was successful. "The College Widow," sometimes described by the undiscerning as a play without art, has every technical attribute of a play. In "Father and the Boys" we have a play with a distinct plot, without "situations" in the objectionable sense and with a freedom in the handling which makes it a delightful piece of work. It is true that we have a variety of subjects and localities, something that seems inevitable with the constitution of his mind. We have city life, wealth, business, boxing, gambling, the race track and the mining camp, but there is an entire fitness in the use of all this material. The general scheme of the play is not new, but the whole spirit of it is fresh, and it sparkles with the characteristics of Mr. Ade.

A middle-aged wool broker, who has grown rich in the conduct of his business, wishes to train his two sons so that they can take full charge, and permit him to retire. He had planned the future of his boys in detail, having already selected for them the girls that they were to marry. It seems plain sailing, but on their return from college he found that one of them is devoted to the fads of society and the other is taken up with athletics. As he is examining some business letters and papers at his home a



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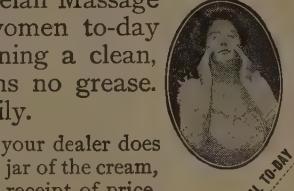
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racket is heard in the neighboring room at present the trainer of his son comes out with a black eye.

Much diversion is obtained by incidents of this sort. With his sense of humor and his great dramatic skill he makes every possible use of every detail. Nothing goes to waste. The father discovers that he cannot bring the boy to his way of thinking, and on the advice of his lawyer he changes his tactics. On the occasion of a dinner party given by the boys, when they introduce a game of roulette for the diversion of their guests, he repairs to his room and presently returns in his dress suit and ready to go the pace with them. He is so successful that he wins twelve hundred dollars from "The Major," who had previously fleeced one of his unsophisticated sons. The next occasion for the exercise of his new tactics is at the race track at which his abandonment to the fascination of successful betting alarms the sons. The father's game is beginning to work. The father has been aided in playing his new rôle by a Western girl who has come to New York, and who secures his honest admiration. The Major having gone West, telegraphs to her an offer for her interest in a mine. The circumstances being suspicious, it is thought best for her to proceed to the mining camp at Goldfield. The Major is thwarted. The girl recovers her property and also a long-lost sweetheart. The two sons have followed their father to the mining camp under the belief that he is infatuated with, and has run away with, the Western girl; the diverting complications are straightened, but not before the father discovers that his sons are at cross purposes with him about the girls, but he is satisfied with the choice made by each. This recital of the main or general action of the play, while it is definite and correct as to the structure of the play, falls so short of giving any idea of the innumerable incidents and bits of humor that one must see the play in order to realize the uncommon resources and, we may at least say, the fine art of Mr. Ade.

Miss Margaret Dale as the Western girl is piquant and altogether pleasing.

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CASINO. "NEARLY A HERO." Musical farce in three acts. Book by H. B. Smith. Produced Feb. 24 with this cast:

Ludwig Knoedler, Sam Bernard; Jabez Doolittle, Sam Edwards; Moreau, Robert Paton Gibbs; Fred Doolittle, Burrell Barbaretti; Harold Percy Montague, Edgar Norton; Wade Waters, Franklin Roberts; Plympton, F. Franklyn; Count Orloff, Louis Helle; Angeline D Vere, Ethel Levey; Gwendolen Doolittle, Ada Lewis; Edith, Neva Aymar; Mrs. Doolittle, Zelda Sears; Fraise, Elizabeth Brice; Marie, Daisy Greene; Estelle Puffenkrantz, Virginia Marshall; Geraldine Mooney; Lillian Harris; Pussy Foote, Vaughn Sargent; Maria Love, Maxine Revelion; Hildegard Jones, Susan Pitt; Laura Lee, Dorothy Watson; Connie Moore, Albertine Sargent.

A comedian who is able to keep his audience in good humor in spite of a somewhat heavy vehicle, is an artist who could not fail under any circumstances. Sam Bernard is the whole show in "Nearly a Hero," and if he is not as funny as usual, if much of the humor appears forced, the playwright is to blame, not he.

The plot is thin and tame. A man falls into the river and is rescued by an unknown person. Mr. Doolittle, in order to account for a clandestine auto ride, pretends to be the rescuer, and Ludwig Knoedler (Mr. Bernard), a tailor and tenant of the said Doolittle, represents himself for purposes of blackmail, as the party rescued Mr. Harold Montague, the real victim of the accident, finds he has been robbed, and as he understands Knoedler is the rescuer he has the little tailor arrested. How Knoedler manages to get out of his predicament makes the play. Sam Bernard has done many things infinitely better. His "make-up" is hideous, and the effort to be constantly funny is very apparent. Ada Lewis, Ethel Levey and other popular players are in the cast.

GARRICK. "THE EASTERNER." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced March 1 with this cast:

John Warden, Nat. C. Goodwin; Ike Robbins, Neil O'Brien; Morley Crawford, Walter E. Hitchcock; Bruce Morton, Wallace McCutcheon, Jr.; Sam Johnson, Hal Hamilton; Pedro Sanchez, Henry Bergman; Lee Tang, Bud Woodthrop; A. Purser, John Ahlberg; Minerva Ringler, Lucille Le Verne; Dora Johnson, Justina Wayne; Janet Robins, Diva Marolda; Mamie Carter, René Kelley; Grace Morton, Edna Goodrich.

If Mr. Nat. Goodwin carries out his resolution to devote the serious part of himself, after this season, to developing gold mines in which he has an interest, and is no more to be seen upon the stage, he bids a most friendly public farewell. Perhaps the best friends that a man of useful

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public activities has been those who have never seen him by the hand in person or held discourse with him or shared with him at all any of the actualities of life. These are the friends indeed who stimulate a man to his best efforts, and whose influence is always felt and whose memory, intangible as these individual friends are, must remain in the consciousness of him who does his work well as a reward. If he does so retire this public will not have discharged indebtedness to him. His career has been a successful one, and in the mere matter of recompence by the standard of money no injustice is involved. Perhaps the only reproach that can be attached is to the dramatists who have failed to supply him with plays adequate to his resources, particularly of humor. There was a measurement to which they have not been equal. There may be other conditions which prevented him from securing a continuous succession of plays of the right quality, but that he did not secure them is the one and only misfortune of his career.

We have many personalities on the stage, but few individualities. Mr. Goodwin has always been himself and at the same time an artist with precision and means of expression that are rare. His humor was spontaneous and bubbled clear and sparkling. There was no artificiality in the preparation of it. Personality he had, but without obtrusive vanity. Self-appreciation, which should be possessed by every man who is conscious of his own values, he undoubtedly had. He often laughed with us, and we willingly laughed with him. At times perhaps he indulged too much in communicating with his audience; but of late years he has kept himself more closely in character. To an unusual extent he has always been his own man. Conventionality has been remote from him. There are actors who, to tell the plain truth, formidable dangers to the new playwright. Knowing their own art, not knowing the playwright's art, they have, their ignorance, mutilated plays and destroyed the first opportunity for beginners. Fortunate is a young author who falls into the hands of an actor who understands plays. We do not say at Mr. Goodwin stands alone in this quality of knowledge that is so favorable to the beginner, but we do say that the first danger a young author encounters is the Giant Despair in the ape of the ignorant actor, distinguished though he may be, who tears a play to pieces. We do not make this a sweeping charge, for most authors owe their first success to a collaboration of technical knowledge after they have submitted manuscript.

What is the case with "The Easterner"? It is a hodge-podge of glittering theatrical rhinestones in the shape of "situations." It is a maze in which you can neither find your way in nor out. It is a piece of exceedingly intricate mechanism worked out by one of the most expert craftsmen we have, but simplicity was not a part of the idea of the play, and there is not a particle of naturalness in it, not a shred of real sentiment; and this is natural enough, for there was a sincerity of purpose in writing the play. Analytical criticism could demonstrate that the play is a purely commercial product, but the criticism at an audience makes it always sufficient: "The play does not touch us." A play that does not touch an audience must inevitably touch the emotions. This play does not.

The scene of the action is in California. A man has two daughters, one of them just married; her husband overhears a talk between her and another man, and discovers that they have had extramarital relations. He goes off to kill that man, but is killed himself. The murder is laid at the charge of Bruce Morton, the brother of Grace Morton (Edna Goodrich). John Warden (Nat Goodwin) is made a deputy by the sheriff, a father-in-law of the murdered man, who promises to hunt down the murderer without any process of law. In the complications that ensue John Warden, after many sharp turns in the action, finally saves the brother of the girl whom the playwright has selected for him to marry. It would be a waste of time to give a detailed count of the considerable number of situations that are effective enough in the theatrical sense. The enjoyment of the play, however, is centered in Mr. Goodwin and his management of the part of John Warden. What clever bits of business he adds! Making signs to a character who is in danger, he escapes detection by converting his sign manual into a few impatient slaps at a mosquito. Discovered conferring with a girl he is helpful in concealing the boy fugitive, clasps the girl in his arms and announces his engagement to her, at the same time crying out the ex-sheriff, whose daughter he has in his arms, not to shoot. The ex-sheriff had about mistaken him for the fugitive. Warden conceals the boy in a miner's cabin. Food being sug-



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"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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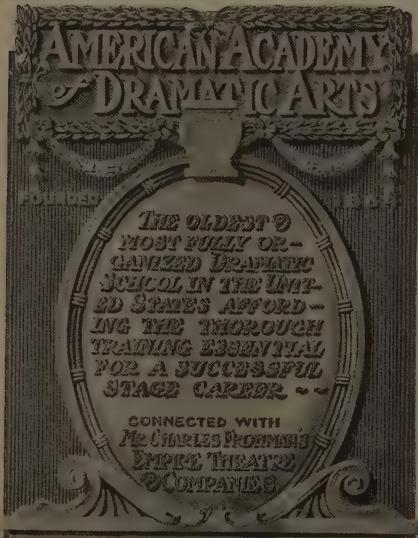


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gested, he goes into and returns from the kitchen with something on a waiter, with just a dash of mimicry of a French waiter and with a phrase of French—the irrepressible and apt humor of Nat Goodwin. The scene at the close of the play is a steamer at its wharf. After considerable play of humorous incidents, hardly in any sense dramatic action, the curtain falls as John Warden and Grace Morton, with an exercise of their ingenuity, stretch out their arms through the portholes of their neighboring cabins and clasp hands.

Nat Goodwin was worthy of himself in the play, but the play was not worthy of him. We may be permitted to record the facts that Miss Edna Goodrich can act—only a little, but she is pretty—very. She has every indication of being the daughter of an earl. In our bestowal of "favors" we are pleased to record the presence of Lucille Leverne in the play as a spinster who has been engaged once, and who warns against marriage, and is paired off before the close of the play. Those who are really observant of the stage are familiar with the very high quality of this actress. The part of Bruce Morton was well done by Wallace McCutcheon, Jr., while several of the players were infinitely better than the mechanical figures that they played.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. For the Home and Office.

LYRIC. "THE FOOL HATH SAID THERE IS NO GOD." Drama in five acts. Dramatized by Lawrence Irving from Dostoevsky's novel "Crime and Punishment." Produced March 9 with this cast:

Kashkin, Albert S. Howson; Zozimoff, Sydney Mather; Nastasia, Katherine Wilson; Rodion Raskolnikoff, E. H. Sothern; Sonia Martinova, Virginia Hammond; Gromoff, John Taylor; Avdotya Romanova ("Doina"), Gladys Hanson; Pulcheria, M. Holcombe; Katinka, Zyllah Shannon; A. Dvornik, P. J. Low; Keller, Frank Reicher; Koltzoff, Charles Martin; Mikolka, Paul Scardon; Dmitri, Malcolm Bradley; Bezak, Adolph Lestina; Valerian Platoff, Edmund Ford; Osip, Fred Post; Larretski, P. J. Kelly; Olchin, Lewis Short; Zorn, Harry Turnley; Vasilioff, James Boone.

It is curious that a dramatic proposition which, in another version of the same story, was tried out as long ago as 1894 by the late Richard Mansfield without making a favorable impression, should have appealed to Mr. Sothern as a suitable vehicle. Like much of the Russian literature the story is full of gloom, brutality and wretchedness. Several playwrights have been attracted by the dramatic possibilities of the plot and have essayed to present it in this form, but the story is too somber, too heavily overshadowed by that feeling of the futility of human endeavor against existing conditions—with the conditions distinctly foreign—to make a vital appeal to an American audience. The stock companies of Russia and of Germany have a version that has been popular on their stage for some years. It has also been presented with some success at the second National Theatre of France. But it failed in America and there seemed to be little warrant for its revival in any form. Mr. Lawrence Irving has handled the theme skilfully, so as to induce suspense, but there is no particular merit in the lines and, with the exception of Mr. Sothern, little art in their interpretation. Mr. Sothern gave a thoughtful, finished portrayal of a complex rôle. In less competent hands the part might easily have drifted into the melodramatic strain of the rest of the piece. The play was less carefully directed than most of the Sothern productions. In the third act, which represents a picnic in the woods, the principal characters were in national costume, while the "mob," or "Flashy Ladies," as they were designated on the program, looked as though they might have stepped off Sixth avenue. The thunder and heavy music, that accompanied the dark deeds of the action, were crude and reminiscent of 14th street.

Rodion, a student fired by the injustice of existing conditions, has written a justification of

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icide, which had been published in one of the Liberal papers. He has the test of his theories brought home to him when he finds the young girl he cares for persecuted and about to be disbarred by a brutal landlord in the very house which he is living. To save Sonia, the girl, kills the landlord, is subjected to trial by the third Degree and, this failing, is about to leave the country, when Sonia convinces him that it is duty to give himself up. This he does, and his own scoffing atheism goes down before the real faith of the girl. A gleam of hope is shed out at the very end, when Rodion is told that his imprisonment will not exceed three years and Sonia, with the exaltation of martyrdom in her eyes, whispers that she will be waiting for him.

The rôle of Sonia was entirely beyond the resources of Virginia Hammond. In fact, no one in the cast distinguished himself with the exception of the star, but then how can we expect long casts while the star system flourishes?

BIJOU. "THE RECTOR'S GARDEN." Comedy in six acts, by Byron Ongley. Produced March 19 with this cast:

The Rev. Mr. Smiley, R. A. Roberts; Darby McPhee, Thomas B. Findlay; John Ballard, Charles Abbott; Bertha Oper, Eileen Erroll; Mariah Phelps, Ina Hammer; Rex Jard, Frank Darien; Felix Cooper, William Courtenay; Prince, Madeline Louis; Nick Beaver, Edward N. Lewis; Dr. Prince, Dustin Farnum; Blanche Cincioni, Alice Elliston; Mrs. Judd, Emily Marion; Mrs. Curley, Alice Keife; Farmer Judd, A. H. Simmons; Flora Curley, Zena Keife.

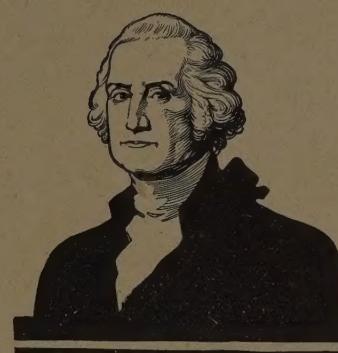
There was fennel and rue in "The Rector's Garden," and mignonette and roses and many other flowers conducive to sentiment. For the play was full of love and lovers who wander through the garden. The play was built along old-fashioned lines, and it needed more direct, sincere acting of Dustin Farnum and Alice Elliston to counteract the stilted, almost ying-sweetness of the lines. The play, while witty and pleasant, in many ways was too slight and inconsequential to demand much attention, and was taken off after a short run. The story of a rector who had a secret orchard as well as a flowery garden in his life. When a lad in Montana he had been converted by a young priest the very moment in which he was about to become a train robber. He becomes a minister, coming East, finds a parish in a small village, where he is happy among his flowers and among parishioners. He leads a tranquil life until Blanche Cincioni arrives to take possession of her new property, mistakes him for the gardener, and his garden for her estate. He loses his heart with his roses and makes a rival of a dark young lieutenant, who had been his friend. The lieutenant has found the key to the secret orchard and, just as the minister is offered the shropic of Montana, and is about to win the love of Miss Cincioni, the lieutenant lets them into the orchard and exposes the rector. The latter tells his tale very simply and directly, and instead of being degraded is more firmly established in the favor of his friends than before, and, after a little dexterous encouragement on her part, wins the lady of his choice. The setting of the rose garden used in three of the four acts forms an attractive background to the story. Mr. Dustin Farnum made the most of his slight rôle, and Ina Hammer, Edward Ellis and Thomas Dayley gave very human bits of characterization.

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GARDEN. "THE VILLAGE LAWYER" Rural comedy in four acts, by Will M. Cressy and James Clarence Harvey. Produced March 22 with this cast:

Tom Flinders, Wilson Reynolds; Ben Gould, Hale Cross; Kate Dalby, Irma La Pierre; Silas Dalby, Fenton; Squire Tappan, Will M. Cressy; Betsy Tull, Mrs. E. A. Eberle; George Washington Taylor, Happy Jack; Gardner; Nanny Needam, Frances Wright; Slocum, Charles Willard; Hulda Slocum, Myra Cooke; Hi Sawtelle, Richard Webster; Pete Douglas, Frank L. Davis; Daniel Lyons, Lowell B. Drew; Willard, Douglas J. Wood; Jim, W. Thornton Simpson; Professor Meeler von Myers, Leo St. Elmo; Ziba Fifield, Thornton Simpson; Zeke Hadley, Jack A. Henry; Pauline Biffins, Blanche Dayne.

When a vaudeville cook becomes a near-Broadway chef, he must learn to cater to the taste of his new clientele. This Mr. Cressy has not yet learned. Into the stew served this month at the Garden Theatre, he has dropped a clown, a negro minstrel, a brass band, one vaudeville sketch, two tales of melodrama and three pounds of rural drama. To make good measure Mr. Cressy has added his former vaudeville partner, Blanche Dayne, and then he sat on the lid. The result is a family dish in which one recognizes the remains of many yesterdays' dinners. James Harvey is supposed to have beaten it into shape, but he didn't beat hard enough. The plot is of very good brother and a very bad brother and



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Furthermore, upon his Mount Vernon plantation he had a brew house, as was the regular custom of wealthy Virginians.

"In Virginia the richer colonists brewed beer from malt imported from England."—Nat'l Mag. Hist., vol. 16, page 150.

Ford's Biography [1900], page 193. Quotation from Samuel Stearns *ibid.*"

History of Virginia by Roger Beverley.

Colonial Liquor Laws [Thomas], page 60.

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a self-sacrificing old uncle. The very bad brother receives a check from the very good brother, which his partner raises from \$250 to \$2,250, at which no one is able to pay. The check falls into the hands of Silas Dalby, the meanest and the richest man in the village, and he wishes to prosecute Ben, the good brother, who is secretly married to his daughter, Kate Dalby. But Ben goes West, brings back the bad brother to care for them both, and the curtain falls on a relenting father and reunited lovers. The third act is formerly a vaudeville sketch played by Mr. Cressy under the title of "Bill Biffin's Baby," and is run into the play for no apparent reason save the fact that it was successful on vaudeville boards. Mr. Cressy, as the village lawyer, did such good legitimate work that it was a constant irritation to see his efforts wasted on the silliness of this piece. It is hoped some author will come forward with a play that shall furnish Mr. Cressy with a proper medium for his talents.

Otis Skinner in the Pulpit

Otis Skinner, the well-known actor, addressed the congregation of the First Universalist Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., on Sunday, March 9th. The actor-preacher spoke on "The Ethics of the Drama," and said in part:

The drama stands recognized as one of the methods in which the human mind has in all ages striven to utter itself. There is a dramatic element in our common nature which literature and art and more especially the representations of the stage meet, minister to and satisfy—a normal demand by these supplied. First of all there can be but one reply to any inquiry as to the moral worth of the drama and its relation to the life of the community.

If the manner of the theatre is to be regarded as an art at all it must be of beneficial influence for all art is uplifting. Without it we should go down the byways of existence for the most art and know little but the sordid. Think of life without a song, without a picture, without a gem of a beautiful building or statue! We can't imagine it if we contemplate the conditions of civilization has imposed upon us.

A charge brought against the theatre is that it represents vice. Of course it does. It represents virtue, why not vice? All people are not parsons of virtue. But for morals as such it is rank absurdity that we should use them in theatrical or other art. Nature, pitiless, beautiful, barbarous, soothing, murderous, exalting nature, is indifferent to them, why should art, the handmaiden of nature, who takes only hints and primal truths from her mistress, observe them? And yet our art would be moral for all this. An immoral art would be a horror.

It were vain and idle in the present day, after Shakespeare has transformed the stage into a high school of humanity and Schiller and Goethe have crystallized it into a handmaiden of ethics and Christianity, to enter on any defense of its recognized authority as a moral agent. The stage in its highest conception is a powerful coadjutor of the Church in making men better, wiser and happier, and even in its less lofty attitudes it lifts up with genial mirth the hard lot of the toiling masses.

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A Tribute to Hammerstein

One thing must be said for that singularly interesting person, Oscar Hammerstein. He has courage. He is boldly proceeding with the production of novelties in a city which has long been given over to "Romeo and Juliette," "Faust," "Rigoletto" and "Lohengrin." He promised the New York hear "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." He has done it. He promised to let us study the wonderful Mephisto of Renaud in "La Damnation de Faust." He has done it. He promised to produce Massenet's "Thais" and show us the charms of Mary Garden. He has done it.

Furthermore, he has done these things generously. He has not pitchforked the new operas on the stage in the old-fashioned way, but has mounted them with handsome scenery and suitable costumes. He has given good casts. He has provided a good conductor and an efficient orchestra. And he is not through yet. He will produce Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussy's "Pélleas et Mélisande." It remains now for the operagoers of this town to show whether they take any interest in these new productions; if they do not they will have only themselves to thank if hereafter they are obliged to go on listening to "La Bohème," "Faust," "Aida" and the other familiarities.—W. J. Henderson in the *New York Sun*.

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